

Newport Mercury

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NEWPORT, R. I., JULY 21, 1906.

WHOLE NUMBER 8,335.

The Mercury.

Bronze Tablet Placed.

Pastor Locked Out.

Married Nearly a Year.

Recent Deaths.

Ghost, Joke or Accident?

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor.

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NEWPORT, R. I.

THE NEWPORT MERCURY was established in June, 1783, and is now in its one hundred and forty-ninth year. It is the oldest newspaper in the Union, and, with less than half a dozen exceptions, the oldest printed in the English language. It is a large quarto weekly of forty-eight columns filled with interesting reading—editorial, State, local and general news, well selected miscellany and valuable farmers' and household departments. Reaching so many households in this and other States, the limited space given to advertising is very valuable to business men.

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Societies Occupying Mercury Hall.

ROGER WILLIAMS LODGE, No. 285, Order Sons of St. George, Percy Jeffry, President; Fred Hall, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Mondays.

NEWPORT TENT, No. 12, Knights of Maccoches, George G. Wilson, Commander; Charles S. Grandin, Record Keeper. Meets 2nd and 4th Mondays.

COURT WATSON, No. 6074, FORESTERS OF AMERICA—William Ackerman, Chief Ranger; John B. Mason, Jr., Recording Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

THE NEWPORT HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY—Alexander MacLellan, President; David Mcintosh, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 2)—Miss B. M. Carey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Wednesdays.

OCEAN LODGE, No. 7, A. O. U. W.—Robert P. Peckham, Master Workman; Perry B. Dawson, Recorder. Meets 2d and 4th Wednesdays.

MADISON LODGE, No. 32, N. E. O. P.—Dudley Campbell, Warden; Mrs. Dudley Campbell, Secretary. Meets 1st and 3rd Thursdays.

LADIES' AUXILIARY, Ancient Order of Hibernians (Division 1)—Miss B. M. Carey, President; Miss M. A. Sullivan, Secretary. Meets 2d and 4th Thursdays.

REYNOLDS LODGE, No. 11, K. of P.—William Champion, Chancellor; Commander; Robert S. Franklin, Keeper of Records and Seals; Meets 1st and 3rd Fridays.

DAVIS DIVISION, No. 8, U. E. K. of P.—Sir Knight Captain William H. Langley; Everett I. Gordon, Recorder. Meets first Fridays.

CLAY McLEOD, No. 181—James Graham, chief, Alexander Gillies, Secretary. Meets 2nd and 4th Fridays.

Local Matters.

Carnival Week.

It appears as though the eyes of all New England were now turned toward the Newport Carnival that will occur August 6-11. An unexpected amount of interest is being manifested in all the cities and towns within a hundred miles and even beyond and many excursions are planned for that week. The advertising has been judiciously distributed all over New England and the people have been kept thoroughly in touch with Newport's plans. There will without any question be an immense crowd of people here during the week and everything promises to be an unqualified success. It will be the greatest week that Newport ever knew, every moment being occupied with an event of an interesting nature.

There was a meeting of the general committee this week and the reports from the sub-committees were all very encouraging. The committee now has permanent quarters in the National Exchange Bank building and there are always several of the committee there attending to business. The money is coming in well and although more is needed the spirit of the people seems to indicate that there will be no difficulty in raising it.

The managers of the concessions are preparing for a gigantic exhibition on the old basin lot opposite the depot. All concessions will be under their direction and a share of the receipts will go to the general committee for the expenses of the week. The basin will be a busy place as there will be a great many forms of amusement there as well as of refreshment.

Plans for street parades, sports, races, etc., for the week have practically all been perfected and it seems as if everything might go off without a hitch. The Carnival parade will be as last year the biggest feature of the celebration and there will be a large number of floats on line.

According to the official statement filed with the County Assessors at Houghton, Me., Prof. A. Agassiz, of Newport and Boston, is the owner of 5,000 shares of the Calumet & Hecla mining stock. This stock is quoted on the market at \$680 per share, which makes the market value of his holdings in this one mine \$3,400,000.

A New York paper has this week published a story about a big jewel robbery in the cottage colony here, but the police state that nothing of the kind has occurred.

At the last session of the General Assembly an appropriation of \$1500 was made for the placing of tablets on places of marked historic interest in Rhode Island, the money to be expended under the direction of the Rhode Island Historical Society. The first tablet to be placed under this act was affixed to the "Governor Bull House" in this city on Wednesday, appropriate exercises being held at the rooms of the Newport Historical Society before a fair sized audience. Of the committee from the Rhode Island Historical Society there were present Wilfred H. Munro, chairman; Clarence S. Brigham, Amasa M. Eaton, and William B. Weeden.

The dedicatory exercises at the Newport Historical Society took place at 2 p. m. President V. Mott Francis of the Newport Historical Society delivered the address of welcome, the response being by President Wilfred H. Munro of the Rhode Island Historical Society.

The historical address was by Hon. William P. Sheffield, Jr., of this city. Col. Sheffield dealt with the early days of the colony, from the time when the early settlers came from the Massachusetts colony. He spoke of the hardships and sufferings that they endured and of the great results that have grown from their small beginnings. He especially dwelt upon the life of Governor Bull, showing the confidence that was reposed in him; and also spoke in high terms of the descendants of this family of the present generation. His address was followed with close attention.

At the conclusion of Col. Sheffield's address those present proceeded to the Governor Bull house on Spring street where the tablet was unveiled. The inscription is as follows:

THE GOVERNOR BULL HOUSE
The Oldest House in Rhode Island,
Built in Part, in 1639 by
HENRY BULL,
Governor, Under the Royal Charter of
the Colony of Rhode Island and
Providence Plantations
In the Years 1685-86 and 1690.

William Ellery Whist.

The attractive residence of Mr. and Mrs. John Jenckes on Washington street was the scene of a large gathering on Tuesday afternoon, the occasion being a thirteenth party and whist under the auspices of William Ellery Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. There were seventeen tables of whist with two score or more who found plenty of things to enjoy without the aid of cards. Miss Margaret Conrad of Boston, the guest of Miss Edith M. Tilley, was present, and sang a number of musical selections. The party was in every way a great success and the Society has decided to give another on the afternoon of July 27th.

A number of residents of Broadway, where the caterpillar nuisance has been most pronounced, have bound the trunks of their trees with sticky fly paper. The caterpillars do not make an attempt to cross the paper but fall to the ground. Much of the foliage of the trees just above Gould street has been destroyed by the caterpillars and as they are driven away from that locality they seek other places for feeding.

The Newport Directory for 1906, published by the old reliable firm of Sampson & Murdock Co., of Boston, has just made its appearance. It looks very well, following the same general style that was adopted last year. There are 1,518 names added in compiling the Directory and 1,868 names erased, making the total number this year 11,154, an increase of 152. The Directory contains a large amount of valuable information for the people of Newport.

The engagement is announced in London of Miss Evelyn Blight, youngest daughter of Mr. Atherton Blight, to Mr. Mahlon Sands of London and formerly of New York. Miss Blight is a sister of Mrs. William Payne Thompson and Mrs. Lowther, wife of Mr. Gerard Lowther of the British diplomatic service.

An automobile took fire at the garage of the Pope Manufacturing Company Wednesday night and in extinguishing the flames two men were somewhat burned. The fire was discovered and the machine was run out of doors by the two men and a still alarm called the chemical company. The injuries of the men were not serious.

Lady Curzon of Kedleston, wife of the former viceroy of India, died at an early hour Wednesday evening. Lady Curzon was Miss Mary Victoria Leiter and was well known in Newport. Her father occupied the Carley villa, now "Sung Harbor," at one time, and Lady Curzon was a favorite in the summer colony.

Mrs. William J. Adair, daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. Allen C. Griffith, has returned to her home in Baltimore.

There was considerable excitement among the members of the Mount Zion African Methodist Episcopal Church last Sunday, when the two factions in the church were at odds in regard to the minister. The outcome of the affair was that services were held in the open air, the doors of the church being locked against the minister and congregation. There was no outbreak of any kind, everything passing off quietly.

The former pastor of the church, Rev. C. Gibbons, who had been settled here for a number of years, was recently transferred by the bishop to another church, and Rev. Mr. Thomas, son of a former pastor of this church, was sent to this field. This was the result, it is said, of a communication sent to the bishop by some of the members of the church who desired to see a change in the pastorate. That this action was not approved by some of the members was evidenced by the fact that when Mr. Thomas came here to preach his first sermon on Sunday last he found the church doors locked and no way of securing entrance to the edifice. When this act was discovered by the congregation that had assembled to hear the new pastor there was considerable feeling evidenced but no violence was offered to secure admission. Instead the pastor conducted his flock to the shade of a nearby tree and there delivered his sermon.

The action of some one in locking the church is not regarded as being in any way hostile to the new pastor personally. His father was pastor of the church for a number of years and was universally esteemed here. Some of the members who objected to the method taken to secure the transfer of the former pastor are supposed to have locked the church to express their dissatisfaction. It is expected that the trouble will be satisfactorily adjusted without a permanent schism in the church.

Election of Officers.

Ladies' Auxiliary, Division No. 2, A. O. of H.
A meeting was held Sunday in MERCURY Hall for the purpose of establishing a new division of Ladies' Auxiliary to the Ancient Order of Hibernians of Newport, to be known as Division No. 2. County President Mrs. J. O. O'Neill presided and installed the officers, assisted by State President Mrs. P. J. Kennedy and Mrs. R. A. Moreton, Mrs. Leavitt and Mrs. McCall of Providence. These officers were elected:

President—Miss Bridget M. Cussey.
Vice President—Miss Bridget Fogarty.
Recording Secretary—Miss Mary Sullivan.
Financial Secretary—Miss Katie O'Connor.
Treasurer—Miss Nora Murphy.
Misses at Arms—Miss Mary Sheehan.

Redwood Library.

President—Arthur B. Emmons.
Vice President—Daniel B. Fearing.
Secretary—Hamilton B. Tompkins.
Treasurer—Thomas P. Peckham.
Directors—William P. Blais, J. F. Pierston, Theodore K. Gibbs, William P. Sheffield, George Gordon King, William P. Sheffield, Jr., Stephen B. Luce, Elizabeth A. Swinburne, Ellen F. Mason, W. W. Sherman, Angus McLeod, Frederick Tompkins, G. Norman Weaver, Hamilton B. Tompkins, Darius Baker.

Hope Circle, International Sunshine Society, held a very successful lawn party at the residence of Miss Lena Marsh on Ayrault street on Saturday afternoon last. The grounds and piazzas were handsomely decorated with Chinese lanterns. Ice cream and cake were served on small tables on the piazzas. Home made cake, candy, fancy articles were on sale, and a fishing pond and grab bag proved attractive places for both the young and old. A goodly sum was made.

Newport has handled a large quantity of Nova Scotia lobsters during the past six months, most of which have been canned by the lobster factories here. The figures of the lobster commissioners for the six months ending July 1 are as follows: Number of boxes received, 2,570; number of pounds received, 450,450; number of short lobsters found, 8,755; number of egg lobsters found, 215; all short and egg lobsters were thrown overboard.

The weather of the past week has helped to bring many strangers to Newport. It has been unusually hot in the cities and even on the seashore it has been warm and muggy, but much more comfortable than in the city streets. There have been many excursions in and all have been well patronized. There have been many bathers at the beach and the small boys have been enjoying the swimming from the wharves in the harbor.

A boy found a ten-dollar bill on the street Monday night and a stranger who saw him pick it up demanded it. The boy turned it over and later informed the police. An officer was sent to the New York boat where it was supposed the stranger was headed, but was too late to locate him.

Dr. and Mrs. S. C. Powell have gone to Washington, Ct., to visit Dr. Powell's mother.

Society circles in Newport and New York were somewhat surprised this week to learn that Mrs. Frances Burke-Roche and Mr. Aurel Batouyi had been married since August 9, 1905, the ceremony having been performed by an Alderman in New York. The formal announcement was sent to the New York papers last Saturday night but the date of the marriage was not known by the public until later. Mr. and Mrs. Batouyi are now abroad.

Mrs. Batouyi is the daughter of Mr. Frank Work and was married in 1889 to James Boothby Burke-Roche who has since acquired the title of Lord Fernoy. Their married life did not prove successful and the wife secured a divorce in the Delaware courts after being separated from her husband for a number of years. The English courts did not recognize the divorce secured in the United States. After separating from her husband Mrs. Burke-Roche made her home with her father, Frank Work.

Mr. Batouyi, although the son of a wealthy and prominent Hungarian family, had been a professional whip in this country, retiring some time ago. He had done considerable training for Mrs. Burke-Roche and a valuable farm in Middletown at the two-mile corner, near the property of Mrs. Burke-Roche, stands in his name. It had been thought in society that a marriage might take place some time, but the announcement of the marriage so long ago came as a surprise.

The New Tax Books.

Tax Collector Cozzens has received eleven copies of the tax books for 1906, which he is giving to taxpayers who call to pay. The tax book was not signed until Saturday, June 30, and the contract for the books did not call for them before July 30, but owing to the method employed this year in making out the tax list by Collector Cozzens it was possible for the printer to deliver some of the books more than half a month before they were due, and very much quicker than they were ever delivered before or than it was possible to have them delivered under the old arrangement.—Daily News, July 14.

If the News had added that the tax books for 1906 were printed at the MERCURY Office, which always turns out good work promptly, it would have given valuable information to its readers.

In Receiver's Hands.

Elbert B. Hamlin has been appointed receiver of the business of William A. Lottner, lessee of the Prince George Hotel in East Twenty-eighth street, with a bond of \$1,000. The bankrupt is alleged to have assumed lease of the hotel with taxes and water rents amounting to \$120,000 per annum, upon which nothing had been paid.—Exchange.

This is the gentleman, we believe, who is to run the celebrated Prince George Inn, which was heralded so loudly some months ago as the coming hotel for Newport.

The fifteen biggest taxpayers in Newport are: Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, who pays a tax of \$12,002.40, on property valued at \$1,000,200; Senator Geo. Peabody Wetmore, \$6,452.40, on \$537,700; John Carter Brown estate, \$5,864, on \$822,000; John Nicholas Brown estate, \$6,223.20, on \$518,600; Natalie Bayard Brown, guardian of John Nicholas Brown, \$6,300, on \$775,000; Edward J. Berwind, \$7,772.40, on \$647,700; Hamilton McK. Twombly, \$6,306, on \$525,500; Geo. Gordon King, \$4,058.40, on \$338,200; John I. Kane, executor of Wm. C. Schermerhorn estate, \$5,700, on \$475,000; Elbridge T. Gerry, \$7,989, on \$640,500; Mrs. H. Mortimer Brooks, \$4,369.20, on \$364,100; Ogden Goelt heirs, \$7,358, on \$616,500; estate of Anna Hazard, \$4,300, on \$359,000; Newport & Fall River Street Railway Company, \$4,609.20, on \$384,100; Old Colony Railroad Company, \$4,315.20, on \$339,600.

The descendants of Mrs. Philip B. Chase of Portsmouth held a family reunion at the old homestead in that town on Wednesday. There were about forty present and a very enjoyable time was passed. A clam dinner was served at Island Park and ample justice was done by the members of the Chase family. Mrs. Chase is a daughter of the late William Earle Cook of Portsmouth who died a few years ago at the advanced age of 104 years. At the time of his death he was the oldest Free Mason in the country.

After the arrival of the body of Mrs. Emily J., wife of Mr. William C. Langley, Jr., on Saturday last funeral services were held at the Belmont Memorial Chapel, Rev. John R. Brown of the Central Baptist Church, Providence, officiating. St. Cecilia Quartette rendered a number of selections.

Mr. John T. Delano, Jr., was operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Darrah on Tuesday at the hospital recently opened on Warner street. The patient is doing as well as can be expected.

Carrie Griffith, daughter of Sergeant and Mrs. Allen C. Griffith, died at the Newport Hospital Monday morning, after an illness of five weeks, during which time she had three operations performed, the first one being for appendicitis. She was a great sufferer, but was most patient through her illness, and bore up wonderfully until her last operation. After this she seemed to gradually give up hope and was forced to abandon the determined struggle for life, which had manifested itself during the first weeks of her illness. Her death was a severe blow to her family, who had hoped from the first that she would be spared to them. Members of her family remained almost constantly with her until the end and everything possible was done for her comfort.

Miss Griffith was employed as bookkeeper at the Wardrobe Clothing Company for some time past and previous to this was bookkeeper at the Model Clothing Company. She was a member of Esther Rebekah Lodge No. 5, and also a member of the Alma Musical Club.

Besides her father and mother, five sisters survive her: Mrs. William A. Foster, Mrs. John M. Stewart of Shelby, Mrs. William J. Adair of Baltimore, Miss Edith H. Griffith and Miss Gladys B. Griffith.

Funeral services were held from her late residence on Walvert street Wednesday afternoon and were largely attended. Rev. Mr. Juzy, curate of the Zabriske Memorial Church, officiated, and Mr. Augustus H. Swan sang most effectively "The Holy City." Members of Esther Rebekah Lodge and of the Alma Musical Club attended in a body. The floral gifts were numerous and beautiful. The bearers were Messrs. Ira E. Barrett, Richard Bullock, Louis E. Tilley, Thomas S. Stanhope, J. Roswell Chase and Harry L. Vickers. Esther Rebekah Lodge conducted the committal service at the grave, the interment being in the Braham Cemetery.

Mrs. Mary G. Henderson.

Mrs. Mary Goddard Henderson, a native of Newport, died at her residence on Clifford street in Providence on Monday at the advanced age of 99 years. She was the widow of William H. Henderson, also a former Newporter. She was born in Newport on May 12, 1817, the daughter of Michael and Hannah Freeman. After her marriage she moved with her husband to Providence where he had since resided, having lived for 41 years in the house where she died. She was an attendant of the First Congregational Church of Providence.

By the will of Mrs. Henderson the Channing Memorial Church of this city receives a bequest of \$500 and an equal amount is left to the First Congregational Church of Providence. She also gives to the Newport Historical Society a large picture of her husband, with the request that it be hung in the Home for Aged Men of Newport when that shall have been built, her husband having made a substantial bequest for that purpose. William A. Cranston of Providence is made the sole executor of the will.

Charles H. Koehne.

Mr. Charles H. Koehne died at his home on East Bowery street on Monday morning, having been ill but a short time. He had had several attacks of appendicitis and the last one proved fatal.

Mr. Koehne was one of Newport's best known German residents and came to Newport years ago as a musician in the old New Hampshire band. He was a member of the Newport Eintracht and Uffis Lodge and had many friends. Besides a widow, one son survives him, Mr. Charles H. Koehne, Jr.

Private Joseph Smith of the Ninety-seventh company of Coast Artillery has been fined in the police court on two charges, \$10 and costs for revelling and \$20 and costs for assault on an officer. The affair was the outgrowth of a dog fight at the band concert on Washington Square Tuesday evening, when a number of Fort soldiers annoyed the police. It is said that after being warned to desist Smith threw a fellow soldier against one of the officers and he himself received a clip over the head from the night stick of the officer. He was taken to the station with a bleeding head.

There was a slight fire in a freight car near the railroad station Friday noon which necessitated the calling of the chemical company. The damage was slight.

Rear Admiral William C. Swinburne and wife are in Newport. Admiral Swinburne is a Newport boy, the son of the late Daniel T. Swinburne.

The members of the Newport Medical Society were entertained at a clambake by Dr. William C. Canfield, in Bristol on Wednesday.

For the past few days and nights—especially nights—the usually quiet neighborhood of Church street has been the scene of unwonted excitement. From dark until long after midnight groups of persons have walked up and down the street or stood in patience in the roadway waiting to hear the spiritual manifestation that has had all Newport agog. Some with fear and trembling, some with a cynical smile, have heard the sounds of mysterious rappings coming from the house at 38 Church street, owned by Police Commissioner J. W. Horton and occupied by the families of Boatswain Hugh Sweeney, U. S. N., and of Mrs. Sarah B. Muenchinger.

Beginning July 6th these two families have been annoyed by a mysterious knocking in the house, for which there was no accounting. Starting in the early evening the loud knocking would be heard at intervals, now in one place, now in another, the sounds continuing until after midnight, when the house would settle down into quiet for the night. In the morning there would be a brief repetition of the noises for a few minutes and then the sounds would cease for the day. After enduring this for a few days complaint was made and the owner of the house, Police Commissioner Horton, Chief of Police Crowley, and two officers made an investigation. Although they spent Tuesday evening in the house, heard the mysterious noises and made every effort to locate the cause their efforts were entirely without avail. The sounds could plainly be heard outside of the house and even annoyed the neighbors as well as the occupants of the house itself.

On Wednesday the public knew that there was a so-called haunted house in the city and that evening there was a large crowd of curious persons in Church street to hear the mysterious sounds and to see whatever there might be in the way of excitement. Extra police officers were on hand to keep the crowd within bounds. As the noises would break out the people would stand breathless, listening to the sound for which no one could account, although many reasons were advanced by the knowing ones. Until long after midnight the curious loitered around the mysterious house, the evening being so pleasant that they were loath to depart to their homes.

Thursday evening there was a larger crowd than on the previous night, but this time their patience was not rewarded by a repetition of sounds. The "ghost" seems to have been laid, or rather perhaps the perpetrators of the "joke" have become alarmed at the magnitude of the excitement that they have created and fear discovery. At any rate Thursday night was passed in peace, except for the presence of a so-called medium from out of the city who did a contortion act in the dining room of the lower tenement. After that the occupants settled down in quiet for the night.

It is to be hoped that those who raised the "ghost" are now ready to let it rest. A very little bit of such horse play will go a great way, either as a harmless joke or as a manifestation of ill-will. It is believed that a word has been whispered to the responsible party that it is now time to drop it and that that person has taken the hint.

Mrs. Walter N. Hill of this city will shortly start for India to spend a few months with her daughter who has been out there for some time.

Mrs. George Peabody Wetmore will sail from Europe next Monday on her way to Newport.

Middletown.

At a recent meeting of Aquidneck Grange an original poem of unusual excellence was read, which was written for the patriotic programme for that evening by Mrs. Walter Brown, entitled "The Liberty Tree." Mrs. Brown will also add a contribution to the Children's Night Entertainment.

Mr. Elmer Gross and Miss Mae Eddy of Providence have been recent guests of Miss Lydia Peabody.

The parish of the Berkeley Memorial Chapel held a very successful fair at St. George's School on Wednesday afternoon and evening, some 800 people being in attendance. A larger number than common partook of the usual fine supper prepared by the ladies of the Guild and it is hoped a good sum may be added to the treasury. Music was furnished by the Harry K. Howard Orchestra of Newport and in the evening the gymnasium was filled with the young people who cared to dance.

"Children's Night" will be observed at Aquidneck Grange on Thursday, of next week, when the "little folks" will not only be entertained but will assist in the entertaining.

Miss Eunice Peckham, daughter of the late Rev. Frederick Peckham of Lewiston, Maine, was guest this week of her cousin, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Peckham.

Mr. and Mrs. William V. Hart entertained a family party of 30 on Sunday last, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Olin Barker and family of Providence, who were former residents here.

THE PILLAR of LIGHT

... By ...
Louis Tracy,

Author of
"The Wings of the Morning"

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Edward J. Clode

CHAPTER III.

AT the foot of a long flight of steps leading from the boat quay to the placid waters of Penzance harbor a stoutly built craft was moored. It had two occupants, this bright January morning, and they were sufficiently diverse in appearance to attract the attention of the local squad of that great army of loungers which seems to thrive in tobacco blessed content at all places where men go down to the sea in ships.

The pair consisted of a weather-beaten fisherman and a girl.

The man was scarred and blistered by wind and wave until he had attained much outward semblance to his craft. Nevertheless, man and boat looked reliable. They were sturdy and strong; antiquated, perhaps, and greatly in want of a new coat, but shaped on lines to resist the elements together for years to come. Ben Pollard and his pithard driver, Daisy, were Cornish celebrities of note. Not once, but many times, had they been made immortal by the uncertain immortality of art-by painters of the Newlyn school.

The girl, an animated cameo, to which the shabby picturesqueness of old Ben in his patched garments and old Daisy in her unkempt solidity supplied a fitting background, merited the tacit approval she received from the pipe smokers.

Flaxen haired, blue eyed, with a face of a delicate, flowerlike beauty, which added to its mobile charm by the healthy glow of a skin brightened and deepened in tone by an abiding love of the open air, she suggested, by her attire, an artistic study of the color effects derivable from the daintiest tints of little paint which gave the boat its name. She wore a coat and skirt of green cloth, lightly hemmed and cuffed with dark red braid. Her large white hat was trimmed with velvet of a tone to match the braid, and her neatly fitting brown boots and gloves were of the right shade. Beneath her coat there was a glimpse of a knitted jersey of soft white wool, this being a tribute to the season, though a winter in Lyonesse can usually shrug its comfortable shoulders at the deceitful vagaries of the Riviera.

That she was a young person of some maritime experience was visible to the connoisseurs above at a glance. She was busily engaged in packing the spacious lockers of the Daisy with certain stores of apples, oranges and vegetables—ranging from the lordly new potato (an aristocrat at that time of the year) to the plebeian cabbage—and her little, active figure moved with an ease born of confidence in the erratic principles of gravitation as codified and arranged by a rocking boat.

Pollard, too, was overhauling his gear, seeing that the mast was securely stepped and the tackle ran free. While they worked they talked, and, of course, the critics listened.

"Do you think the weather will hold, Ben?" asked the girl over her shoulder, stooping to arrange some clusters of daffodils and narcissus so that they should not suffer by the lurch of some heavy package when the boat keeled over.

"The glass be a-fallin', sure, missy," said the old fellow cheerily, "but w' the wind backin' round to the nor'ard it on'y means a drop o' wet."

"You think we will make the rock in good time?"

"We'm do our best, Miss Enid."

She sat up suddenly.

"Don't you dare tell me, Ben Pollard, that after all our preparations we may have to turn back or run for inglorious shelter into Lawarna."

Her mock indignation induced a massive grin. "A mahogany table breaking into mirth," was Enid's private description of Ben's face when he smiled.

"The know the coast as well as most," he said, "Farther go, stronger blow, 'ee know."

"And not so slow, eh, Ben? Really, you and the Daisy look more tubby every time I see you."

Thus disparaged, Pollard defended himself and his craft.

"Me an' Daisy 'll sail to Gulf light quicker'n any other two tubs in Penzance, missy. Her be a long run at this time o' year, but you'm get there all right, 'I expect. W' a nor'ard breeze we'm be safe enough. If the wind makes 'ee c'ze at comin', 'ee know."

She laughed quietly. Any reflection on the spunking powers of his pithard driver would rouse Ben instantly.

"As if I didn't know all you could teach me," she cried, "and as if any one in all Cornwall could teach me better."

The old fisherman was mollified. He looked along the quay.

"Time we'm cast off," he said. "Miss Constance be a plaguy long time fetchin' them wraps."

"Oh, Ben, how can you say that? She had to go all the way to the cottage. Why, if she ran—"

"Here she be," he broke in, "an' she b'ain't runnin', neither. Her's got a young man in tow."

What announcement would straighten the back of any girl of nineteen like unto that? Enid Trevillion turned and stood upright.

"Why, it's Jack!" she cried, waving a delighted hand.

"So it be," admitted Pollard, after a surprised stare. "When I look landward my eyes b'ain't so good as they was."

He stated this fact regretfully. No elderly sea dog will ever acknowledge to falling vision when he gazes at the level horizon he knows so well. This is no pretence of unwilling age; it is

wholly true. The settled cataracts of the shore bewilder him. The changeable sea cannot.

Meanwhile, the dawdlers lining the wharf, following Enid's signals with their eyes, devoted themselves to a covert staring at the young people hurrying along the quay.

Constance Brand, being a young and pretty woman, secured their instant suffrages. Indeed, she would have won the favorable verdict of a more severe audience. Taller than Enid, she had the brown hair and hazel eyes of her father. To him, too, she owed the frank, self-reliant poise of head and clearly cut, refined features which conveyed to others that all important first good impression. Blended with Stephen Brand's firm intellectiveness, and softening the quiet strength of her marked resemblance to him, was an essential femininity which lifted her wholly apart from the rank of handsome English girls who find delight in copying the manners and even the dress of their male friends.

Her costume was an exact replica of that of Enid. She walked well and rapidly, yet her alert carriage had a grace, a subtle elegance, more frequently seen in America than in England. Her lively face, flushed with exercise, and, it may be, with some little excitement, conveyed the same transatlantic characteristic. One said at seeing her: "Here is a girl who has lived much abroad." It came as a surprise to learn that she had never crossed the channel.

The man with her, Lieutenant John Percival Stanhope, R. N., was too familiar a figure in Penzance to evoke muttered comment from the gallery.

A masterful young gentleman he looked, and one accustomed to having his own way in the world, whether in love or war. True type of the British sailor, he had the physique of a strong man and the adventurously cheerful expression of a boy.

The skin of his face and hands, olive tinted with exposure, his dark hair and the curved eyelashes, which drooped over his blue eyes, no less than the artistic proclivities suggested by his well chisled features and long, tapering fingers, proclaimed that Stanhope, notwithstanding his Saxon surname and bluff bearing, was a Celt. His mother, in fact, was a Tregardien of Cornwall, daughter of a peer and a leading figure in local society.

One may ask, "Why should a youth of good birth and social position be on such terms of easy familiarity with two girls, one of whom was the daughter of a lighthouse keeper and the other her sister by adoption?"

Indeed a great many people did ask this pertinent question. Among others, Lady Margaret Stanhope put it often and pointedly to her son without any cogent answer being forthcoming.

If she were denied enlightenment, although her maternal anxiety was justifiable, the smokers on the pier, as representing the wider gossip of the town, may also be left unsatisfied.

"This is a nice thing," he cried when he came within speaking distance of the girl in the boat. "I manage to bamboozle the admiral out of three days' leave and I rush to Penzance to be told that Constance and you are off to the Gulf Rock for the day. It is too bad of you, Enid."

Eyebrows were raised and silent winks exchanged among the human sparrows lining the rails.

"So Master Jack came to see Miss Trevillion, eh? What would her ladyship say if she heard that?"

"Why not come with us?" The audacity of her!

"By Jove," he agreed, "that would be jolly. Look here. Wait two minutes until I scribble a line to the mater!"

"Nothing of the sort, Jack," interposed the other girl quietly, taking from his arm the waterproof cloak he was carrying for her. "You know Lady Margaret would be very angry, and with very good reason. Moreover, dad would be annoyed too."

"The old girl is going out this afternoon," he protested.

"And she expects you to go with her. Now, Jack, don't let us quarrel before we have met for five minutes. We will see you tomorrow."

He helped her down the stone steps.

"Enid," he murmured, "Constance and you must promise to drive with me to Morvah in the morning. I will call for you at 11 sharp."

"What a pity you can't sail out to the rock with us today! Tomorrow is so distant."

The mix lifted her blue eyes to his with such ingenuous regret in them that Stanhope laughed, and pipes were shifted to permit the listeners above their heads to snigger approval of her quip.

"Dad will wig us enough as it is, Enid," said the other girl. "We are bringing him a peace offering of the fruits of the earth, Jack."

"Will you be able to land?"

"One never can tell. It all depends on the state of the sea near the rock. Anyhow, we can have a chat and send up the vegetables by the derrick."

"We'm never get there thiccy tide if we'm stop here much longer," interrupted Ben.

"Hello, old grampus! How are you? Mind you keep these young ladies off the stones."

"And mind you keep your tin pot off the stones," growled Pollard. "They was a-sayin' last night her were aground at Portsea."

"They said right, Father Ben. That is why I am here."

Enid glowered at him with ready anxiety. There was nothing of the dirt in her manner now.

"I hope you had no mishap," she said, and Constance, mutely echoed the inquiry. Both girls knew well what a

serious thing it was for a youngster to run his first boat ashore.

"Don't look so glum," he chuckled. "I am all right. Got a bit of kudos out of it, really. We fouled the Volcanic and strained our steering gear. That is all."

It was not all. He did not mention that during a torpede attack on a foggy night he ran up to three battleships undefended by nets and stenciled his initials within a white square on five different parts of their sleek hulls, thus signifying to an indignant admiral and three confounded captains (dictionary meaning of "confounded") that these leviathans had been ingloriously sunk at their moorings by torpedoes.

"It sounds unconvincing," said Constance. "You must supply details to-morrow. Enid, that horrid pun of yours ruins the word."

"Are we also to supply luncheon?" chimed in Enid.

"Perish the thought. I have lived on sandwiches and bottled beer for a week. There! Off you go."

He gave the boat a vigorous push and stood for a little while at the foot of the steps, ostensibly to light a cigar. He watched Constance shipping the rudder while Enid hoisted the sail and old Ben piled a pair of oars to carry the boat into the fair way of the channel.

They neared the harbor lighthouse. The brown sail filled and the Daisy got way on her. Then she sped round the end of the solid pier and vanished, whereupon Lieutenant Stanhope walked slowly to the promenade, whence he could see the diminishing speck of canvas on the shining sea until it was hidden by Clement's island.

At last the devotees of twist and slag, resting their tired arms on the railing, were able to exchange comments.

"Brace o' fine gells, them," observed the acknowledged leader, a broken down "captain" of a mine abandoned soon after his birth.

"Fine," agreed his nearest benchman. Then, catching the gloom of the captain's gaze after Stanhope's retreating figure, he added:

"But what does that young spark want, turning their pretty heads for them, I should like to know?"

"They didn't seem partic'lar stuck on 'im," ventured another.

"The ways of women is curious," pronounced the oracle. "I once knew a gell."

But his personal reminiscences were not of value. More to the point was the garbled, but, in the main, accurate account he gave of the rescue of an unknown child by one of the keepers of the Gulf Rock lighthouse on a June morning eighteen years earlier.

Stephen Brand was the name of the man, and there was a bit of mystery about him too. They all knew that a light keeper earned a matter of £70 to £80 a year—not enough to maintain a daughter and an adopted child in slap-up style, was it? A small villa they lived in, and a governess they had, and ponies to ride when they were big enough. The thing was ridiculous, wasn't it?

Everybody agreed that it was.

People said Brand was a swell. Well, that might or might not be true. The speaker did not think much of him. He was a quiet, unobtrusive chap, though Jones, a Trinity pensioner, who kept the "Pillhard and Seine" now, wouldn't hear a wrong word about him and always called him "cap'n." A pretty sort of a captain! But, then, they all knew what an old slow coach Jones was. They did. Jones' pints were retailed on the premises for mopey down.

Then there was Spence, lame Jim, who lived at Marazion. He told a fine tale about a fight with a shark before Brand reached the boat in which was the blessed baby—that very girl, Enid, they had just seen. Was it true? How could he say? There was a lot about it at the time in the local papers, but just then his own mind was given to thoughts of enlisting, as a British expedition was marching across the desert to relieve Khartum, and cause Gordon's death.

No, Brand and the two girls had not dwelt all the time in Penzance. The light keepers went all over the kingdom, you know, but he had hit upon some sort of fog signal and Brand was always a man of fads; he once told the speaker that all the Polwena mine wanted was work—and the Gulf Rock was the best place for trying it. At his own request the Trinity people sent him back there two years ago. Some folk had queer tastes, hadn't they? And talking so much had made him dry.

Then the conversation languished, as the only obvious remark of any importance was not forthcoming.

Meanwhile the Daisy sped buoyantly toward the Southwest. Although she was broad in beam and staunch from thwart to keel, it was no light undertaking to run fourteen miles out and home in such a craft.

But old Ben Pollard knew what he was about. Not until the granite pillar of the distant Gulf Rock opened up beyond Carn du was it necessary to turn the boat's head seaward. Even then, by steering close to the Runnelstone, they need not, during two-thirds of the time, be more than a mile or so distant from one of the many creeks in which they could secure shelter in case of a sudden change in the weather.

Thenceforward there was nothing for it but a straight run of six miles to the rock, behind which lay the Scilly Isles, forty miles away, and well below the boat's horizon.

So, when the moment came for the final decision to be made, Pollard cast an anxious eye at a great bank of cloud mounting high in the north.

There was an ominous drop in the temperature too. The rain he anticipated might turn to snow, and snow is own brother to fog at sea, though both are generally absent from the Cornish littoral in winter.

"Ben," cried Enid, breaking off a vivid if merciless description of a new disciple who had joined the artistic coterie at Newlyn, "what are you looking at?"

He scratched his head and gazed fixedly at the white battlements sweeping in aerial conquest over the land.

"She do look like snow," he admitted. "Well, what does that matter?"

Without waiting for orders Constance had seized the helm a trifle. The Daisy was now fairly headed for the rock. With this breeze she would be there in less than an hour.

"It be a bit risky," grumbled Ben.

"We will be alongside the lighthouse before there can be any serious downfall," said practical Constance. "Surely we can make the land again no matter how thick the weather may be."

Ben allowed himself to be persuaded. In after life he would never admit that they were free agents at that moment.

"It had to be," he would say. "It was in me mind to argy w' she, but I just couldn't. An' how often do we see snow in Cornwall? Not once in a blue moon." And who would dispute him? No west country man, certainly.

At a distance of five miles one small fishing craft is as like another as two illigitimus to the eye of Gulliver. In a word, it needs acquaintance and nearness to distinguish them.

As it happened, Stephen Brand did happen to note the Daisy and the course she was shaping. But, during the short interval when his telescope might have revealed to him the identity of her occupants, he was suddenly called by telephone from the oil room to the kitchen. When next he ran aloft in a wild hurry to signal for assistance, he found, to his despair, that the Land's End was already blotted out in a swirling snowstorm, and the great plain of blue sea had shrunk to a leaden patch whose visible limits made the reef look large by comparison.

With the mechanical precision of habit he set the big bell in motion. Its heavy boom came fitfully through the peeling snowflakes to the ears of the two girls and old Ben. The latter, master of the situation now, announced his intention to "bout ship and make for Mount's bay."

"'Ee don't ketch me tryin' to sail close to Gulf Rock when 'ee can't see a boat's length ahead," he said emphatically. "I be sorry, ladies b'ib, but 'ee know how the tide runs over the reef, an' 'tes easy to drive to the wrong side of the light. We'm try again tomorrow. On'y the flowers 'll spile. All the rest!"

Crash! A loud explosion burst forth from the dense heights of the storm. The Daisy, sturdy as she was, seemed to shiver. The very air trembled with the din. Pollard had his hand on the sail to swing it to starboard when Constance put the tiller over to bring the boat's head up against the wind. For an instant he hesitated. Even he, versed in the ways of the sea, was startled. Both girls positively jumped, the sudden bang of the rocket was so unexpected.

"Mr. Brand must ha' zeed us," pronounced Ben. "That's a warin' to we to go back."

The words had scarce left his lips when another report smote the great silence, otherwise unbroken save by the quiet plash of the sea against the bows and the faint reverberations of the distant bell.

"That is too urgent to be intended for us," said Constance. "We were just halfway when the snow commenced."

"I did not notice any vessel near the rock," cried Enid tremulously. "Did you, Ben?"

Pollard's slow utterance was not quick enough. Before he could answer a third rocket thundered its overpowering summons.

"That is the 'help wanted' signal," cried Constance. "Ben, there is no question now of going back. We must keep our present course for twenty minutes at least and then take to the oars. 'The bell will guide us.'"

"Oh, yes, Ben," agreed Enid. "Something has gone wrong on the rock itself. I am quite sure there was no ship near enough to be in trouble already."

"By gum, we'm zee what's the matter," growled Ben. "Steady it is, Miss Brand. Ef we'm in trouble I'd as soon ha' you two gells aboard as any two men in Penzance."

At another time the compliment would have earned him a torrent of sarcasm. Now it passed unheeded. The situation was bewildering, alarming. There were three keepers in the lighthouse. The signal foreboded illness, sudden and serious illness. Who could it be?

In such a crisis charity begins at home. Constance, with set face and shining eyes, Enid, flushed and on the verge of tears, feared lest their own beloved one should be the sufferer.

To each of them Stephen Brand was equally a kind and devoted father. He never allowed Enid to feel that she was dependent on his bounty. Only the other day, when she hinted at the adoption of an art career as a future means of earning a livelihood, he approved of the necessary study, but laughed at the reason.

"With your pretty face and saucy ways, Enid," he said, "I shall have trouble enough to keep you in the nest without worrying as to the manner of your leaving it. Work at your drawing, by all means. Avoid color as the bane of true art. But where Constance and I live you shall live, until you choose to forsake us."

No wonder these girls thought there was no other man in the world like "dad." Their delightful home was idyllic in its happiness, their only sorrow that Brand should be away two months out of three on account of the pursuit in which he passed his hours of leisure during recent years.

Neither dared to look at the other. They could not trust themselves even to speak. There was relief in action, for thought was torture.

The docile Daisy steadily forged through the waves. The spasmodic clang of the bell came more clearly each minute. Pollard, kneeling in the bows, peered into the gloom of the swirling snow. He listened eagerly to the bell. With right hand or left he motioned to Constance to bring the boat's head nearer to the wind or permit the sail to fill out a little more.

Enid, ready to cast the canvas loose at the first hint of danger, consulted her watch frequently. At last she cried:

"Twenty minutes, Ben."

What a relief it was to hear her own voice. The tension was becoming unbearable.

"Right y' are, missy. No need to slack off yet. 'Tes clearin' a bit. We'm

beavin' to alongside the rock in less'n no time."

The fisherman was right. His trained senses perceived a distinct diminution in the volume of snow. Soon they could see fifty, a hundred, two hundred yards, ahead. On the starboard quarter they caught a confused rushing noise, like the subdued murmur of a mill race. The tide had covered the rock.

"Luff it!" roared Ben suddenly.

"Steady now!"

Out of the blurred vista a ghostly column rose in front. Smooth and sheer were its granite walls, with dark little casements showing black in the weird light. The boat rushed past the Trinity mooring buoy. She held on until they heard the sea breaking.

"Lower away!" cried Ben, and the yard fell with a sharp rattle that showed how thoroughly Enid had laid to heart Pollard's tuition.

Constance brought the Daisy round in a wide curve, and Ben got out the oars to keep her from being dashed against the reef.

Enid's eyes were turned toward the gallery beneath the lantern.

"Lighthouse ahoy!" she screamed in a voice high pitched with emotion.

There was no answering clang of the door leading from the room on a level with the balcony. Not often had the girl visited the rock, but they knew that this was the first sign they might expect of their arrival being noted if there were no watchers pacing the "promenade."

"Help us, Ben," cried Constance, and their united shouts might be heard a mile away in the prevailing stillness. A window halfway up the tower was opened. A man's head and shoulders appeared.

It was Stephen Brand.

"Thank God!" murmured Constance.

Enid, on whose sensitive soul the storm, the signal, the blissing rush of the boat through the waves, had cast a spell of indefinite terror, bit her lip to restrain her tears.

Brand gave a glance of amazement at the three upturned faces, but this was no time for surprise or question. "I am coming down," he shouted.

"Providence must have sent you at this moment."

He vanished.

"What can it be?" said Constance, outwardly calm now in the assurance that her father was safe.

"Must ha' bin a accident," said Ben. "That signal means 'Bring a doctor.' An' there ain't a blessed tug in harbor, nor won't be till the tide makes."

"That will mean delay," cried Enid.

"Five or six hours at least, missy."

The main door at the head of the iron ladder clamped to the stones swung back, and Brand leaned out. He had no greeting for them, nor words of astonishment.

"When will the tug reach here, Ben?" he asked.

The fisherman told him the opinion he had formed.

"They you girls must come and help me. Jackson scudded his hands and arms in the kitchen, and Bates was



"Dang me, but they're two plucky 'uns,"

hurrying to the storeroom for oil and whitening when he slipped on the stairs and broke his leg. We must get them both ashore. Ben, you can take them?"

"Aye, aye, sir."

"Now, Constance, you first. Hold tight and stand in the skip. Your boat cannot come near the rock."

He swung the derrick into place and began to work the windlass. Constance, cool as her father, whispered to the excited Enid:

"Let us divide the parcels and take half each."

"Oh, I should have forgotten all about them," said Enid, stooping to empty the lockers.

Constance, without nickering an eyelid, stepped into the strong basket with its iron hoops and, having arranged some of the plethoric paper bags at her feet, told her father to "hoist away."

She arrived safely. Enid followed her, with equal sang froid, though a lift of forty odd feet while standing in a skip and clinging to a rope is not an everyday experience.

"Dang me," said Ben, as Enid, too, was swung into the lighthouse, "but they're two plucky 'uns."

The great bell tolled away, though the snow had changed to sleet, and the heights beyond the Land's End were dimly visible, so its warning note was no longer needed. The sky above was clearing. A luminous haze spreading over the waters heralded the return of the sun. But the wind was bitterly cold; the fisherman watching the open door, with one eye on the sea lest an adventurous wave should sweep the himself.

"'Tes a good job the wind's f' the nor'ard. This sort o' thing's a weather breeder or my name ain't Ben Pollard."

And that was how Enid came back to the Gulf Rock to enter upon the second great epoch of her life.

Once before had the reef taken her to its rough heart and fended her from peril. Would it shield her again—rescue her from the graver danger whose shadow even now loomed out of the deep? What was the bell saying in its wilful monotony?

Continued on page three.)

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The arrangements of the home yard and buildings should be such that the odor of the flower beds will reach the passerby before that from the pigeon. While the Poland China can't be beat as a mortgage lifter or money raiser, its place is out behind the barn.

Luther Burbank, who has justly earned the cognomen "Wizard" by reason of the marvelous creations of his genius in horticultural lines, has this year planted 4,000 varieties of potatoes with a view to developing a type which shall be more prolific than any yet known as well as uniform in size and proof against disease.

There is little excuse, except it be downright physical inability, for any family which has access to a piece of ground if they do not raise therefrom during the summer a supply of vegetables sufficient to carry them through the winter. Poverty and destitution are both as regards food and raiment are often but other names for downright shiftlessness and laziness. Touching the rewards she bestows Dame Nature quite closely follows the adage, "If a man will not work, neither shall he eat."

A granger taking a whirl on the board of trade stands about the same chance of winning out that the fellow does who bucks the wheel of fortune at the county fair, the prospect being good in either case that the one who indulges will get skinned. The first institution is maintained for the purpose of picking the lambs, the second for taking in the suckers, neither being operated for benevolent purposes. There are nine chances to one that if a fellow makes good on a corn deal he will get caught short on pork. Raising hogs for market is therefore a better proposition all around than speculating with the carcass or byproducts on 'change.

An even casual observation of plant life reveals a wonderful adaptation of the plant to its condition and a degree of intelligence difficult to understand in so low a form of life. While we readily note the fact, it is not so easy to explain why the apple tree puts forth a supreme effort to produce fruit when marked for death by some of its numerous enemies, why the sunflower keeps its bright face toward the sun throughout the course of his journey from the east unto the west, and so throughout the whole realm of nature the same instinctive intelligence is shown, revealing not so much conscious manifestation on the part of the creature in plant or animal realm as the marvelous intelligence and oversight of all wise and all powerful Creator.

The largest authenticated yield of corn so far as has come under our notice is that reported by a central Iowa farmer who last year raised 147 bushels on one acre of ground. In addition to manuring the land heavily, he put it in the best of tith before planting. He used a planter which placed the rows three feet and eight inches apart and a drill which planted the kernels six inches apart in the row. After he had come over the field in the ordinary way he went over it again, straddling the rows. This made the rows twenty-two inches apart. Aside from the harrowing which was given the field before the corn came up the only tool used was a single horse two shovel cultivator. The crop was laid by June 15. When he husked the crop he surprised himself as well as his neighbors. The extraordinary yield obtained was the result of planting the very best and thoroughly tested seed, rich and forcing soil and careful cultivation. There is reason to believe that this yield could only be got from the richest and best soil, as the chances are three to one that a less fertile soil, planted with just as good seed and given exactly the same tillage would not have produced nubbins enough to pay for gas over the field.

THE PILLAR OF LIGHT.

CONTINUED FROM SECOND PAGE.

End neither knew nor cared. Just then she had other things to think about.

CHAPTER IV.

HERE comes a time in the life of every thinking man or woman when the urgency of existence, floating placidly on a smooth and lazy stream, gathers unto itself speed, rushes swiftly onward past familiar landmarks of custom and convention, bolts furiously over resisting rocks and ultimately, if not submerged in an unknown sea, finds itself again maneuvering through new plains of wider horizon.

Such a perilous passage can never be foreseen. The rapids may begin where the trees are highest and the meadows most luxuriant. No warning is given. The increased pace of events is pleasant and exhilarating. Even the last wild plunge over the cascade is neither resented nor feared. Some frail craft are shattered in transit, some wholly shaken, some emerge with riven sails and tarnished embellishments. A few not only survive the ordeal, but thereby fit themselves for more daring exploits, more soul stirring adventures.

When the two girls stood with Stephen Brand in the narrow entrance to the lighthouse, the gravity of their bright young faces was due solely to the fact that their father had announced the serious accidents which had befallen his assistants. No secret monitor whispered that fate in her bold and merciless dramatic action had roughly removed two characters from the stage to clear it for more striking events.

Not once in twenty years has it happened that two out of the three keepers maintained on a rock station with its wondrous distance of the shore have become incapacitated for duty on the same day. The thing was so bewilderingly sudden, the arrival of Constance and Enid on the scene so timely and unexpected, that Brand, a philosopher of ready decision in most affairs of life, was at a loss what to do for the best now that help, of a sort undreamed of, was at hand.

The case of Jackson, who was scalded, was simple enough. The board of trade medicine chest supplied to each lighthouse is a facsimile of that carried by every seagoing steamship. It contained the ordinary remedies for such an injury, and there would be little difficulty or danger in lowering the sufferer to the boat.

But Bates' affair was different. He lay almost where he had fallen. Brand had only lifted him into the storeroom from the foot of the stairs, placing a pillow beneath his head, and appealing both to him and to Jackson to endure their torture unmoved while he went to signal for assistance.

The problem that confronted him now was one of judgment. Was it better to await the coming of the doctor or endeavor to transfer Bates to the boat?

He consulted Ben Pollard again. The girls were already climbing the steep stairs to sympathize with and tend to the injured man.

"Do you think it will blow harder, Ben, when the tide turns?" he asked.

The old fellow seemed to regard the question as most interesting and novel. Indeed, to him some such query and its consideration provided the chief problem of each day. Therefore he surveyed him, sea and sky most carefully before he replied:

"It may be almost anything afore night, Misser Brand."

At another time Brand would have smiled. Today he was nervous, distraught, wrenched out of the worn rut of things.

"I fancy there is some chance of the doctor being unable to land when he reaches the rock. Do you agree with me?"

His voice rang sharply. Ben caught its note and dropped his weatherwise ambiguity.

"I'll blow harder, an' mebbe snow ag'in," he said.

"I shall need some help here in that case, so I will retain the young ladies. Of course you can manage 'the boat easily enough without them?"

Pollard grinned reassuringly.

"We're run straight in wif' thiccy wind," he said.

So they settled it that way, all so simply.

A man sets up two slim masts a thousand miles apart and flashes comprehensible messages across the void. The multitude gazes at first, but soon accepts the thing as reasonable. "Wireless telegraphy" is the term, as one says "by mail."

A whole drama was flowing over a curve of the earth at that moment, but the Marconi station was invisible. There was no expert in telepathic sensation present to tell Brand and the fishermen that their commonplace words covered a magic code.

Jackson, white and mute, was lowered first. The brave fellow would not content himself with cursing his agony amid the cushions aft. When Bates, given some slight strength by a stiff dose of brandy, was carried with infinite care down three flights of steep and narrow stairs and slung to the crane in an iron cot to be lowered in his turn, Jackson stood up. Heedless of remonstrances, he helped to steady the cot and adjust its amidships clear of the sail.

"Well, done, Artie," said Brand's clear voice.

"Oh, bravo!" murmured Enid.

"We will visit you every day at the hospital," sang out Constance.

Jackson smiled—yes, smiled—though his bandaged arms quivered and the seared nerves of his hands throbbled excruciatingly. Speak aloud he could not. Yet he bent over his more helpless mate and whispered hoarsely:

"Cheer up, old man. Your case is worse'n mine. An' ye did it for me."

Pollard, with a soul as gnarled as his body, yet had a glimpse of higher things when he muttered:

"D'ye think ye can hold her, mate, whiles I hoist the cloth?"

Jackson nodded. The request was a compliment, a recognition. He sat down and hooked the tiller between arm and ribs. Ben hauled with a will. The Daisy, as if she were glad to escape the cascades of green water swirling over the rock, sprang into instant

animation. The waterspout from the lighthouse saw Ben relieve the stricken man and tenderly arrange the cushions behind his back. Then Brand closed the iron doors, and the three were left in dim obscurity.

They climbed nearly a hundred feet of stairways and emerged on to the cornice balcony after Brand had stopped the clockwork which controlled the hammer of the bell.

What a difference up here! The sea, widened immeasurably, had changed its color. Now it was a sullen blue-gray. The land was nearer and higher. The Daisy had shrunk to a speck of dull brown on the tremendous ocean purple. How fierce and keen the wind! How discolorate the murmur of the reef!

Brand, adjusting his binoculars, scrutinized the boat.

"All right aboard," he said. "I think we have adopted the wiser course. They will reach Penzance by half past 2."

His next glance was toward the Land's End signal station. A line of flags fluttered out to the right of the staff.

"Signal noted and forwarded," he read aloud. "That is all right, but the wind has changed."

Enid popped inside the lantern for shelter. It was bitterly cold.

"Better follow her example, Connie," said Brand to his daughter. "I will draw the curtains. We can see just as well and be comfortable."

Indeed, the protection of the stout plate glass, so thick and tough that sea birds on a stormy night dashed themselves to painless death against it, was very welcome. Moreover, though neither of the girls would admit it, there was a sense of security here which was strangely absent when they looked into the abyss beneath the stone gallery. Constance, balancing a telescope, and Enid, peering through the fieldglasses, followed the progress of the Daisy in silence, but Brand's eyes wandered uneasily from the barometer, which had fallen rapidly during the past hour, to the cyclonic nimbus spreading its dark mass beyond the Seven Stones lightship. The sun had vanished seemingly for the day, and the indicator attached to the base of the wind vane overhead pointed now sou'west by west. It would not require much further variation to bring about a strong blow from the true southwest, a quarter responsible for most of the fierce gales that sweep the English channel.

Nevertheless this quick darting about of the fickle breeze did not usually betoken lasting bad weather. At the worst the girls might be compelled to pass the night on the rock. He knew that the tug with the two relief men would make a valiant effort to reach the lighthouse at the earliest possible moment. When the men joined him the girls could embark. As it was the affair was spiced with adventure.

Were it not for the mishap to the assistant keepers the young people would have enjoyed themselves thoroughly. The new air of the wind, too, would send the Daisy speedily back to port. This in itself justified the course he had taken. On the whole a doubtful situation was greatly relieved. His face brightened. With a grave humor not altogether artificial he cried:

"Now, Constance, I did not take you aboard as a visitor. Between us we ought to muster a good appetite. Come with me to the storeroom. I will get you anything you want and leave you in charge of the kitchen."

"And poor me!" chimed in Enid.

"Oh, you, miss, are appointed upon housemaid, and, mind you, no followers."

"Mercy! I nearly lost my situation before I got it!"

"How?"

"We met Jack Stanhope and asked him to come with us."

"You asked him, you mean," said Constance.

"And you met him, I meant," said Enid.

"I don't care a pin how you treated Stanhope so long as you didn't bring him," said Brand, "though, indeed, he would have been useful as it turned out."

When lunch was ready they summoned him by the electric bells he had put up throughout the building. It gave them great joy to discover in the living room a cask of signals which covered a variety of messages. They rang him downstairs by the correct call for "Meal served."

It was a hasty repast, as Brand could not remain long away from the glass covered observatory, but they all enjoyed it immensely. He left them, as he said, "to gobble up the remains," but soon he shunted down the stairs to tell them that the Daisy had rounded Carn du. He could not tell them, not knowing it, that at that precise moment old Ben Pollard was frantically signaling to Lieutenant Stanhope to change the course of the small steam yacht he had commandeered as soon as the murmur ran through the town that the Gulf Rock was dying the "help wanted" signal.

The officials did not know that Brand was compelled by the snowstorm to use rockets. All the information they possessed was the message from Land's End and its time of dispatch.

Jack Stanhope's easy going face became very strenuous indeed when he heard the news.

The hour stated was precisely the time the Daisy was due at the rock if she made a good trip. Without allowing for any possible contingency save disaster to the girls and their escort, he rushed to the mooring place of the ten ton steam yacht Lapwing. Impounded a couple of leucoging sailors, fired up, stoked and steered the craft himself and was off across the bay in a quarter of the time that the owner of the Lapwing could have achieved the same result.

His amazement was complete when he encountered the redoubtable Daisy bowing home before a seven knot breeze. He instantly came round and ranged up to speaking distance. When he learned what had occurred he readily agreed to return to Penzance in order to pick up the relief lighthouse keepers and thus save time in transferring them to the rock.

In a word, as Enid Trevillion was safe, he was delighted at the prospect of bringing her back that evening.

from the real skipper of the Lapwing would probably have charge of his own boat. There was no hurry at all now.

If they left the harbor at 3 o'clock, there would still be plenty of light to reach the Gulf Rock. Ben Pollard, glancing over his shoulder at the Daisy raced toward Penzance side by side with the Lapwing, was not so sure of this. But the arrangement he had suggested was the best possible one, and he was only an old fisherman who knew the coast, whereas Master Stanhope planned his faith to the Nautical Almanac and the rules.

The people most concerned knew nothing of these proceedings.

When Constance and Enid had solemnly decided on the menu for dinner, when they had inspected the kitchen and commended the cleanliness of the cook, Jackson, when they had washed the dishes and discovered the whereabouts of the "tea things," they suddenly determined that it was much nicer aloft in the sky parlor than in these dim little rooms.

"I don't see why they don't have decent windows," said Enid. "Of course it blows hard here in a gale, but just look at that tiny ventilator, no bigger than a ship's porthole, with a double storm shutter to secure it if you please, for all the world as if the sea rose so high!"

Constance took thought for awhile. "I suppose the sea never does reach this height," she said.

Enid, in order to look out, had to thrust her head and shoulders through an aperture two feet square and three feet in depth. They were in the living room at that moment—full seventy feet above the spring tide high water mark. Sixty feet higher the cornice of the gallery was given its graceful outer slope to shoot the climbing wave crests of an Atlantic gale away from the lantern.

The girls could not realize this stupendous fact. Brand had never told them. He wished them to sleep peacefully on stormy nights when he was away from home. They laughed now at the fanciful notion that the sea could ever so much as toss its spray at the window of the living room.

They passed into the narrow stairway. Their voices and footsteps sounded hollow. It was to the door beneath that Bates had fallen.

"I don't think I like living in a lighthouse," cried Enid. "It gives one the creeps."

"Surely there are neither ghosts nor ghouls here," said Constance. "It is modern, scientific, utilitarian in every atom of its solid granite."

But Enid was silent as they climbed the steep stairs.

Once she stopped and peeped into her father's bedroom.

"That is where they brought me when I first came to the rock," she whispered. "It used to be Mr. Jones' room. I remember dad saying so."

Constance, on whose shoulders the reassuring cloak of science hung somewhat loosely, placed her arm around her sister's waist in a sudden access of tenderness.

"You have improved in appearance since then, Enid," she said.

"What a wizened little chip I must have looked. I wonder who I am."

"I know who you soon will be if you don't take care."

Enid blushed prettily. She glanced at herself in a small mirror on the wall. Trust a woman to find a mirror in any apartment.

"I suppose Jack will ask me to marry him," she mused.

"And what will you reply?"

The girl's lip parted. Her eyes shone for an instant; then she buried her face against her sister's bosom.

"Oh, Connie," she wailed, "I shall hate to leave you and dad. Why hasn't Jack got a brother as nice as himself?"

Whereupon Constance laughed loud and long.

The relief was grateful to both. Enid's idea of a happy solution of the domestic difficulty appealed to their easily stirred sense of humor.

"Never mind, dear," gasped Constance at last. "You shall marry your Jack and invite all the nice men to dinner. Good gracious! I will have the pick of the navy. Perhaps the admiral may be a widower."

With flushed faces they reached the region of light. Brand was writing at a small desk in the service room.

"Something seems to have amused you," he said. "I have heard weird peals ascending from the depths."

"Connie is going to splice the admiral," explained Enid.

"What admiral?"

"Any old admiral."

"Indeed I will not take an old admiral," protested the elder.

"Then you had better take him when he is a lieutenant," said Brand.

This offered too good an opening to be resisted.

"Enid has already secured the lieutenant," she murmured, with a swift glance at the other.

Brand looked up quizzically.

"Dear me," he cried, "if my congratulations are not belated!"

Enid was blushing again. She threw her arms about his neck.

"Don't believe her, dad," she said. "She's jealous!"

Constance saw a book lying on the table, "Regulations For the Lighthouse Service." She opened it. Brand stroked Enid's hair gently and resumed the writing of his daily journal.

"The Elder Brethren" whispered Constance. "Do they wear long white beards?"

"And carry wands?" added the recovered Enid.

"And dress in velvet cloaks and buckled shoes?"

"And—"

"And say 'boo' to naughty little girls who won't let me complete my diary," shouted Brand. "Be off, both of you. Keep a lookout for the next ten minutes. If you see any signals from the mainland or catch sight of the Lancelot, call me."

They climbed to the trimming stage of the lantern, which was level with the external gallery. Obedient to instructions, they searched the Land's End and the wide reach of Mount's bay beyond Carn du. Save a scudding sail or two beating in from the Lizard and a couple of big steamers hurrying from the east—one a transatlantic transport liner from London—there

was nothing visible. In the far distance the sea looked smooth enough, though they needed no explanation of the reality when they saw the irregular white patches glistening against the hull of a Penzance fishing smack.

"Oh, Connie, the reef!" said Enid suddenly in a low voice.

They glanced at the turbid retreat of the tide over the submerged rocks. The sea was heavier, the noise louder, now that they listened to it, than when they arrived in the Daisy, little more than an hour earlier. Some giant force seemed to be wrestling there, striving against its bonds, striving feverishly to tear, rend, utterly destroy its inviolable fetters. Sometimes, after an unusually impetuous surge, a dark shape, trailing white tresses of weed, showed for an instant in the pit of the caldron. Then a mad whirl of water would pounce on it with a fearsome spring and the fang of rock would be smothered ten feet deep.

For some reason they did not talk. They were fascinated by the power, the grandeur, the untamed energy of the spectacle. The voice of the reef held them spellbound. They listened mutely.

Beneath Brand wrote with scholarly ease:

"Therefore I decided that it would best serve the interests of the board if I sent Bates and Jackson to Penzance in the boat in which my daughter"—he paused an instant and added an "s" to the word—"fortunately happened to visit me. As I would be alone on the rock, and the two girls might be helpful until the relief came, I retained them."

He glanced at the weather glass in front of him and made a note:

"Barometer falling. Temperature alch."

In another book he entered the exact records. A column headed "Wind direction and force" caused him to look up at the wind vane. He whisked softly.

"S. W.," he wrote, and after a second's thought inserted the figure 5. The sailor's scale, ye landmen, differs from yours. What you term a gale at sea he joyfully hails as a fresh breeze.

No. 6 is a point above this limit, when a well conditioned clipper ship can carry single reefed and topgallant sails in chase full and by. No. 12 is a hurricane. "Bare poles," says the scale.

Slowly mounting the iron ladder, he stood beside the silent watchers. The bay was nearly deserted. No sturdy tugboat was pouring smoke from her funnel and staggering toward the rock.

Northwest and west the darkness was spreading and lowering.

He did not trouble to examine the reef. Its signs and tokens were too familiar to him. Its definite bellow or muttered threat was part of the prevailing influence of the hour or day. He had heard its voice too often to find an omen in it now.

"This time I must congratulate both of you," he said quietly.

"On what?" they cried in unison, shrill with unacknowledged excitement.

"Ladies seldom if ever pass a night on a rock lighthouse. You will have that rare privilege."

Enid clasped her hands.

"I am delighted," she exclaimed.

"Will there be a storm, father?" asked Constance.

"I think so. At any rate, only a miracle will enable the tug to reach us before tomorrow, and miracles are not frequent occurrences at sea."

"I know of one," was Enid's comment, with great seriousness for her. He read her thought.

"I was younger then," he smiled. "Now I am fifty, and the world has changed."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A water pan placed on the lawn will be largely patronized as well as highly appreciated by the birds that nest about your home.

The tame pigeon is one of the most profitless propositions on the farm, its use as pot pie fender seldom serving to pay for its keep.

Satisfaction and misery are all too often associated with a consciousness that a fellow is better off or less favorably situated than his neighbors.

One's real age is often more accurately indicated by the way he feels than by the color of his hair. The mile post index is an unsatisfactory one.

The condition of a fellow's bank account is often quite accurately indicated by the manner in which he cultivates his corn and the care he gives his home premises.

Every man who is occupied in mental work owes it to himself to take at least an hour of vigorous exercise or manual labor every day. This will serve to keep him up to tone and will prevent his strings from snapping or rusting.

In the matter of raising a corn crop soils are much like men in the work which is assigned them, a soil of moderate or rather low fertility giving better results when there are two or four stalks in the hill.

For the gardener or farmer a protracted dry spell simply means the giving of a greater measure of time and care to cultivation, as a loose and mellow condition of soil will quite largely overcome all but the most extreme drought effects.

Not at Home.

Caller—Is your father at home? Little Daughter—What is your name, please? Caller—Just tell him it is his old friend Bill. Little Daughter—Then I guess he ain't at home. I heard him tell mamma if any bill came he wasn't at home.

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The Mercury.

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JOHN P. SANBORN, Editor and Manager.

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Saturday, July 21, 1906.

Alfred Beit, the South African diamond king, is said to have died worth \$500,000,000. It is estimated that his gifts in the way of charity the last seven or eight years have averaged not less than \$1,250,000 a year.

Bryan for President, Hearst for Governor of New York, Moran for Governor of Massachusetts, a queer combination of cranks, that only needs the name of ex-Governor Garvin of Rhode Island to make the list complete.

A New Hampshire paper says the candidacy of Winston Churchill for governor suggests that he was "the owner of a defunct newspaper and a licensed liquor dealer owning a hotel." The charge that he is also the writer of story books is mercifully suspended.

Our Democratic contemporary says: "The Mercury solemnly gives its readers every week the fact that Senator Wetmore is to be elected without serious opposition." Thanks, neighbor, we are glad you are willing to acknowledge that Senator Wetmore's re-election is a fact.

Richard A. McCurdy, former president of the Mutual, has been served with a suit to account for about \$2,000,000 of the policyholders' money disbursed through "yellow dog" funds. This is the second suit brought by the company against its former president individually and the fifth against him, his son Robert, and his son-in-law, Lewis A. Thebaud.

A Democratic paper at Norfolk, Va., says that "If Mr. Bryan's Communion doesn't shut up about free silver and the platform of '96 folks will get the idea that the whole graveyard of dead issue is to be galvanized into a simulation of life to frighten the Democratic children in 1908." A ghost dance for two years is viewed with alarm by the long-headed members of the party.

Eugene V. Debs declared in Sioux City, Saturday, that Bryan could not by any possibility be elected President in 1908. "I do not think Bryan will ever be President," Debs said. "If the convention were held today, Bryan would be nominated, I believe, with hardly a dissenting voice." He has many followers in the laboring class, but in my opinion no candidate can win with both capital and labor in one party.

Battleship Rhode Island seems to have been somewhat unfortunate since she went into commission, and she may get the name of being an unlucky ship. The battleship Texas was called an unlucky ship but when the country demanded her services in Cuba she responded nobly, winning laurels in the campaign that were second to none. So may the Rhode Island, when called upon, win for herself a reputation that will bring added glory to the honored name she bears.

The Dewey floating dock, which made its adventurous voyage of 12,000 miles, is now safely anchored at Manila. This floating dock gives the United States facilities for docking any battleship in the service and in a measure changes the balance of the sea power in the Pacific Ocean. England has a dry dock at Singapore. Japan has one on her coast. Russia has one at Port Arthur. Outside of the three nations, England, Japan and the United States, there are no places for docking the war vessels in the far East, and without these facilities war cannot be successfully managed on the seas. Uncle Sam is now better equipped in that section of the world than any nation with the exception of Japan.

We understand that the Newport & Wickford Railroad & Steamboat Company at the present time owes the directors of the company over five thousand dollars for money loaned with which to keep the line in operation. There has not been a year for a long time when the line has paid operating expenses. It would seem to be a very opportune time for the town council of North Kingstown to resolve that the "freight and passenger tariffs are extortionate and excessive beyond measure." The directors no doubt would be glad to let go any time and let some one else pay the bills. When any body of men foot the bills out of their own pockets it would seem to be somewhat superfluous to criticize their way of doing things.

Bryan says that he is more radical than ever. He still believes in the 16 to 1 fallacy, but thinks the silver question is "side tracked for the present." Bryan tells his friends that if people think he has changed in his sentiments they have a surprise awaiting them. And yet he is hailed even by conservative Democrats as the man who is to lead them to the promised land. Bryan is more than willing to be voted for in 1908 by the Democrats who didn't vote for him the other times. The latest string is out for those wanderers; but they must not expect to take possession of the party premises and run things. Modesty for them! This manifesto clears up the situation quite appreciably. The Grover Cleveland Democrats now know where they are, and where Bryan is. They have had fair notice, whatever befalls them.

Gypsy Moth Must Go.

There is no dilly-dallying in the moth campaign. The details of what Congress intended shall be done with the \$50,000 appropriated for the suppression of the moth pest in New England are being determined in Boston, and by next Monday a force of men will be at work. Dr. L. O. Howard, chief of the Entomology Bureau in Washington, had summoned authorities from New Hampshire, Connecticut and Rhode Island to meet him. Those who attended were Dr. Howard, Mr. Rogers, Professor E. D. Sanderson from New Hampshire, and Professor W. E. Britton from Connecticut, and Professor A. E. Stone from Rhode Island, all of whom are officially connected with the moth work in their respective States and are likely to be called upon for advice and co-operation during the progress of the campaign.

The National work will be based upon the theory that Congress will make appropriations from year to year so long as the moth situation demands it. The complete extermination of the pest will be tried in Connecticut and Rhode Island, and the work in those States will begin on that basis; but it is regarded as impracticable to undertake such measures in Massachusetts or New Hampshire at present. Extermination involves the closest scrutiny of every scrap of wood, every tree and every rock that might furnish lodgement for the gypsy moth; even the cavities of the old tree trunks are to be examined and filled up, the underbrush to be removed and the ground to be burned or sprayed, and it is evident that \$50,000 would not go very far if such work were to be done in Massachusetts.

Rhode Island and Connecticut have only small infested areas. In the former State the infestation is confined to Providence and a part of Cranston, so far as is known, and this is a thickly settled district of about 23 square miles, with no woodland. A good rigorous campaign for three or four years should accomplish the extermination of the pest in this State, though an inspection may have to be maintained a little longer. Up to last week the State had about twenty men at work, who have acquired experience in the field and they will be transferred to the national campaign next week and the State work will cease, having exhausted the appropriation of \$5100 allowed by the Rhode Island legislature.

Benefit of Inspection.

The government inspection of the packing business is naturally a sore subject with the packers. Nelson Morris, one of the "big four" packers, says that "the investigation of the packing companies ordered by the government will injure the country more than the San Francisco fire." For the investigation he laid the blame on the President. On the other hand Mr. Armour says that while the meat exposures were injuring his business for the moment, they would help it in the end. The exposures have attracted the world's attention, but they have also led to exposures abroad, and these have shown that the worst abuses which have been revealed anywhere in this country have their counterparts in England, Germany, Australia and the rest of the countries which have any meat packing on a considerable scale. In the United States the packing is on a far bigger scale than in any other part of the world. We are in the habit here of publishing the bad things about ourselves as well as the good. Other countries keep silent about the defects in their households, until, as in this particular exigency in the meat packing cases, public sentiment forces revelations.

The meat inspection law will help and not harm the packers. It will give a government guarantee to the wholesomeness of all the American meats which enter into interstate or foreign commerce. Moreover, this will lead to examinations whereby states and municipalities will take a hand in the work of correcting and averting all abuses in the meat packing and food preparing interest. Mr. Morris overlooks the most important aspect of the whole affair. The other day President Roosevelt telegraphed to Ambassador Whitelaw Reid in London to assure the doubters of the British federation of grocers that "under the new law we can and will guarantee the fitness in all respects of tinned meats bearing the government stamp." The government O. K. will send the purchases of all sorts of meat products up to figures never touched before.

A Tough Sentence.

A dispatch from St. Petersburg says that the report of the Commission appointed to inquire into the circumstances attending the surrender of Port Arthur recommends that Lieut. General Stoessel, the former Commander of the fortress, be sentenced to death and that Lieut. General Pock, who commanded the Fourth East Siberian division at Port Arthur be condemned to 20 years in the galleys. It is added that the Commission considers that Gen. Rense should be expelled from the Army and that Admiral Alexieff, former Viceroy in the Far East, should be reprimanded.

The New Haven's third rail electric cars, which have been run between Hartford and Bristol for several years, were taken off July 8 and the track was restored to its former use as one of the two lines of a double track for steam trains. This action was taken on account of complaints of the danger of the third rail.

Justice at Last.

Says the Hartford Courant: Twelve years ago Captain Alfred Dreyfus—an innocent man—was suddenly placed under arrest as a despicable traitor, who had sold military secrets to a foreign government. His real offense seems to have been the blood in his veins; he was the only Jew on the general staff of the army. All anti-Semitic France went rabid with hate of him. His trial by court-martial was a mere mockery. The tongue of the perjurer and the pen of the forger had it all their own way. He suffered, the ignominy of a public degradation; the insignia of his rank were torn from him, his sword was broken before his eyes. He cried aloud, "I am innocent!" the heavens seemed as deaf to his cry as the earth. He was a young man—only 36—and he was consigned to a living death on Devil's Island.

There are recurrences sometimes in these cases; a resurrection, day came for Alfred Dreyfus. The door of his prison-tomb swung open; he was taken back to France. In 1899 he was freed (by pardon) but not exonerated. "Liberty is nothing to me without honor," he said. "Beginning to-day I shall strive unrelentingly for the correction of the frightful judicial error of which I am still the victim."

He has not striven in vain. Steadfastly rejecting the thought of a money indemnity—the mints have not coined money enough to compensate such wrongs and sufferings as his—he had obtained what he sought. Thursday the highest court of his country solemnly attested his innocence to three times and to the times to come. Alfred Dreyfus is again an officer of the French army.

We are glad that the true-hearted, heroic Picquart has lived to see it. We wish Zola could have lived to see it.

In six years the price of gasoline has increased from 7 to 22 cents a gallon, due to the automobile demand.

Weather Bulletin.

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Last bulletin gave forecasts of disturbance to cross continent July 20 to 24, warm wave 19 to 23, cool wave 22 to 26. Next disturbance will reach Pacific coast about July 24, cross west of Rockies country by close of 25, great central valleys 26 to 28, eastern states 29. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies country about July 24, great central valleys 26, eastern states 28. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about July 27, great central valleys 29, eastern states 31.

This disturbance will be the first after we have passed the apex or high point of the summer's heat and with it we will begin the long slide downward toward winter's cold. It will also bring the closing days of the severe storm period that will follow July 20. As the cooler weather comes in last days of July showers will be more general except in the drought districts.

First disturbance of August will reach Pacific coast about July 29, cross west of Rockies country by close of 30, great central valleys 31 to August 2, eastern states 33. Warm wave will cross west of Rockies about July 29, great central valleys 31, eastern states 33. Cool wave will cross west of Rockies about August 1, great central valleys 33, eastern states 35.

This disturbance will not bring very high temperatures and very cool weather will follow it; otherwise no very important weather events are expected with that disturbance.

My next bulletin will give general forecasts of August crop-weather and will, therefore, be of more than usual interest. August crop-weather will determine the corn-crop of 1906.

NEW ENGLAND BRIEFS.

An unknown man, aged 45, was found dead in bed at a lodging house at Providence. He was in an advanced stage of consumption.

Winston Churchill, who has been put forward as a candidate for governor of New Hampshire, has sent in his resignation as a member of the board of governors of the New England Breeders' club.

At the annual meeting at Hartford of the stockholders of the Hartford and Springfield Street Railway company, it was voted to increase the company stock by issuing 850 additional shares at 6 percent preferred, redeemable by the company at \$110.

Lewis Moulton, aged 22, was drowned at South Holderness, Me. He had jumped onto a raft on which another man was fishing and the raft sank under their combined weight.

Secretary of the Navy Bonaparte and his wife have arrived at Lenox, Mass., where it is expected they will remain until Aug. 6.

A new freight yard has been placed in active operation in Boston by the New York, New Haven and Hartford Railroad company. The yard is contiguous to the wharves along the South bay.

Charles K. Smith, aged 56, treasurer for Norfolk (Mass.) county during the past 17 years, died at his home at Dedham from a general physical breakdown.

John Devonshire, 40 years old, was drowned in the Merrimack river at Newburyport, Mass. He was in a boat with two other men ready to go bathing, when the boat capsized.

John Bagley, 21 years old, was drowned in a small pond at Marlboro, Mass., while swimming with several companions.

An unknown man wearing clothing of good quality was found dead beside the railroad tracks at Wood River Junction, R. I. His skull was crushed and his right leg severed at the hip under the wheels of a train.

Robert Durrrough, 40 years old, was instantly killed by a passenger train at South Lowell, Mass. He was sitting on the track and the train struck him before he could jump to safety.

The body of John Fisher, an aged man, was found in a canal at Holyoke, Mass. Although no motive was known for suicide, it is the opinion of the medical examiner that the man drowned himself.

Little Compton.

League for Rural Progress.

The fifth meeting of the "United effort for rural betterment in Rhode Island," under the auspices of the Rhode Island League, was held Wednesday afternoon in Grange Hall. The conference opened at 2:45 p. m., with Representative Rowell B. Burchard as moderator. Prayer was offered by Rev. C. F. Luther, after which Mr. Burchard in a few preliminary remarks referred to the pleasant occasion which had brought so many talented speakers together to discuss the question of improving the agricultural condition of the Rhode Island farms. He then introduced Mr. John H. Robinson, editor of "Farm Policy," of Boston.

"Can the Rhode Island colony system of poultry keeping be improved?" was the topic assigned to him and as Little Compton is largely a poultry raising town, the subject was a very important one to the audience, and the speaker thought he was in a very good position to get valuable information on the subject of poultry raising from his hearers. Mr. Robinson referred back to 16 years ago when it was an open question whether it would pay to use incubators for the hatching of chickens. The speaker gave some valuable points in regards to rearing poultry for profit; one was the dry food system by means of a hopper; another not to grow them in too small houses. Mr. Robinson also spoke of the space required for rearing poultry and in response to a question from some one in the audience as to the space required suggested that for 1000 fowls from his experience 25 to 40 acres was necessary for their health and consequently for profit. A discussion followed in which the audience took part, the poultry raisers giving their system of management.

The next speaker on the program was Rev. Herbert E. Halcum of the Central Baptist Church, Tiverton, who spoke on the "Practical Religious Betterment." His strongest point was that people who were not professing Christians were also responsible for better conditions in their State, their church and their homes. In the discussion which ensued Mr. Burchard emphasized the point that the church members must make the people who attend feel that they are really wanted. Mr. Burchard referred to the empty galleries which in days gone by were filled with church going people whose home on the Sabbath was within the church walls.

Rev. Mr. Root, field secretary of the Federation of the Churches of Rhode Island, and the next speaker, passed his remarks the Religious Education and Agricultural factors which he considered inseparable. An adjournment until evening was then in order.

At 7:45 the evening session opened. Upon the platform were seated: the chairman, Hon. R. B. Burchard of Little Compton, Hon. W. E. Ronger, Rev. Levi B. Edwards, Duesman Missionary of the Protestant Episcopal Church, Professor Fred W. Card of the Agricultural College, Kingston, R. I., Rev. Mr. Root and Mr. Edwards, the new president of the Kingston Agricultural College. The first speaker of the evening was Prof. Fred W. Card, whose subject was, "Where will the farmer be when the century goes out?" He gave some interesting statistics respecting the work of farmers, of mill people, of schools, and the average number of people to a mile from the year 1820 up. Mr. Edwards, president of the Agricultural College, spoke a few words relative to the discussion of the day, which were under the head of the three C's, "Chickens, Churches and Children." Rev. Levi B. Edwards followed with an address on the religious conditions in rural Rhode Island. The last speaker on the program was Hon. W. E. Ronger, State Commissioner of Public Schools. His thoughts embraced to advantage of good moral country schools, where there were many advantages when equipped with good teachers.

The conference was a brilliant success from every point of view. The speakers were full of wit and repartee and bristled with facts from beginning to end, keeping the audience in a smiling frame of mind throughout. They will long remember the interesting discussion on the chickens, churches and children. Hon. R. B. Burchard royally entertained the speakers at his elegant home, "Old Acres," and during the intermission took his visitors for a drive to the South Shore and as far as the golf grounds, Seacomet Point. His guests, on returning, remarked that they could not see where rural betterment was needed in Little Compton, which in summer time is a perfect Eden for beauty.

The league works consistently in a united effort for moral betterment in Rhode Island. It is constituted through representation from the following organizations: State Board of Agriculture, Rhode Island College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts, State Federation of Churches, State Grange, State Association of School Superintendents, State League of Improvement Societies, Washington County Agricultural Society, Newport Agricultural Society, Rhode Island Horticultural Society, Newport Horticultural Society, Rhode Island Poultry Association, Florists and Gardeners' Club, Kingston Improvement Association.

Its officers are: President—Hon. Rowland G. Hazard, Peace Dale. Vice President—Principal Charles S. Chapin, Providence. Secretary—Treasurer—President Kenyon L. Butterfield.

Sewer Pipe Trust's Admission

Jamestown, N. Y., July 20.—The Sewer Pipe Trade association entered a plea of guilty to the charges of a secret contract to limit the production and control the territory and prices of sewer pipe before the federal grand jury in this city. Counsel for the association submitted the proposition that rather than submit to a proposed investigation by the grand jury he would enter into an agreement whereby the association would be dissolved and go out of business. The proposition was accepted by the district attorney.

Old Inn Destroyed by Fire

Launceston, Mass., July 19.—The Launceston inn was burned late last night and its guests were forced to flee hurriedly from their rooms. All the inmates of the house escaped uninjured. It is thought that the fire started in the kitchen of the hotel. The loss is estimated at \$75,000. Launceston inn was one of the oldest hotels in this part of the state, having been built in 1800.

A GUARANTEED CURE FOR PILES

Rhinitis, Blind, Bleeding, Protruding Piles. Druggists are authorized to refund money if PAZO OINTMENT fails to cure in 6 to 14 days. 60c.

Real Estate Sales and Rentals.

A. O'D. Taylor has rented on lease to the Superintendent of Newport Schools H. W. Lull, the house No. 85 Powell avenue, for the owner, Joshua Stacy. A. O'D. Taylor has rented for the summer season in Jamestown, P. H. Horgan's furnished cottage, known as "Driftwood," to Mrs. J. C. Van Riper of St. Louis.

WEEKLY ALMANAC.

STANDARD TIME.
JULY 1906.
Sun | Mon | Tues | Wed | Thurs | Fri | Sat
(1st) (2nd) (3rd) (4th) (5th) (6th) (7th)
21 Jul 4 48 17 21 7 55 1 7 39
22 Jul 4 48 17 21 8 54 1 8 18
23 Jul 4 48 17 21 9 54 1 8 36
24 Jul 4 48 17 21 10 54 1 8 54
25 Jul 4 48 17 21 11 54 1 9 12
26 Jul 4 48 17 21 12 54 1 9 30
27 Jul 4 48 17 21 1 54 1 9 48
Full Moon, 24 day, 11h 27m, evening.
Last Quarter, 13th day, 5h 39m, morning.
New Moon, 21st day, 11h 30m, morning.
First Quarter, 28th day, 2h 30m, evening.

Furnished Cottages, Jamestown, R. I.

At Jamestown, on Conanicut Island, opposite Newport, Mr. Taylor has an office on Narragansett avenue, near corner of Green Lane, where furnished cottages for the summer season can be rented, prices from \$200 up to \$600. Excellent, with ample accommodation, obtainable from \$200 to \$250. Jamestown office open daily (Sundays excepted) from 9:30 till 5:30 o'clock, from April 1st to October every year.
At Narragansett, N. J., Mr. Taylor, Junior, or Mr. Hugh L. Taylor at the Jamestown office every day.
Newport office, 122 Bellevue Avenue.

A. O'D. TAYLOR,
REAL ESTATE AGENCY.

Marriages.

18th inst., at the parsonage of the First Baptist Church, Clark Memorial Church, by Rev. Edward A. Johnson, D. D., Mr. Albert Palmer Jones, son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Jones of this city, and Miss Emily Ann Hill of Mansfield, Mass.

Deaths.

In this city, 18th inst., Carrie M., daughter of Allen C. and Eliza J. Griffith, aged 27 years.
In this city, 18th inst., Charles H. Koehne, 8th, aged 70 years.
In Providence, 18th inst., Mary Goodard, widow of William H. Henderson, formerly of this city, in her 90th year.
At Narragansett, N. J., 18th inst., Harriet Dyer, 8th, aged 80 years, daughter of Late Commander Alexander Shildrick Mackenzie, U. S. Navy, and Catherine Alexander Robinson, his wife, in the 94th year of her age.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY
Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

CURE SICK HEADACHE.
Sick Headache and relieve all the troubles incident to a bilious state of the system, such as Dizziness, Nausea, Drowsiness, Distress after eating, Pain in the Side, &c. While their most remarkable success has been shown in curing Headache, yet Carter's Little Liver Pills are equally valuable in Constipation, curing and preventing this annoying complaint, while they also correct all disorders of the stomach, stimulate the liver and regulate the bowels. Even if they only cure.

Ache they would be almost priceless to those who suffer from this distressing complaint; unfortunately their goodness does not end here, and those who cure their liver and bowels with these little pills will find in many ways that they will not be willing to do without them. But after all, head

ACHE
Is the bane of so many lives that here is where we make our great boast. Our pills cure it while others do not.
Carter's Little Liver Pills are very small and very easy to take. One or two little tablets do the work. They are strictly vegetable and do not grip or purge, but by their gentle action place all who use them in a state of health, and give full relief by druggists everywhere, or sent by mail.

CARTER MEDICINE CO., New York.

Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price.

Newport Casino.

Music for the Season of 1906.

On and after Monday, July 9,

MORNING CONCERT

Every Week Day

From 11 to 1 o'clock.

Concerts Every Wednesday

Afternoon from 3 to 5.

Sunday Evening Concerts,

beginning at 8 o'clock.

Music and Dancing,

Casino Theatre,

Thursday Evenings,

From 9.30 to 12.30.

Carr's List.

R. Holmes & Co., by Mark Twain.

The Rose Croix, by D. T. Gilliam.

In Cure of Soul, by Stetson.

—ALSO—

A large assortment of Cloth Finish Note Paper at 25c. per box.

See South Window for display.

DAILY NEWS BUILDING.

F. W. PUTMAN, OPT. D.

SCIENTIFIC REFRACTIONIST

—AND—

Dispensing Optician.

Formerly with H. A. HEATH & CO.

Children's Eyes a Specialty.

118 SPRING STREET.

Middleton.

COURT OF PROBATE.—The regular monthly session of the Court of Probate was held on Monday and the following estates passed upon:
Estate of Edward N. Bliss. The petition of Martha C. Bliss, his Guardian, for leave to sell at private sale his undivided interest in the Langley wharf estate in Newport, was granted. Sale to be made for a price not less than \$405.72 and Guardian required to give bond in the sum of \$500, with Celia S. C. Hamilton and Frederick A. Coggeshall as sureties for proper investment of proceeds.
Estate of Lydia M. Brown. Her will is proved and ordered recorded. Letters testamentary are directed to issue to Nathan B. Brown as Executor, upon his giving his personal bond in the sum of \$800, to pay debts and legacies.
Estate of J. Henry Coggeshall. On the petition of Martha Coggeshall, Daniel J. Coggeshall and Bertha Coggeshall Newton, Jr., H. H. Coggeshall is appointed Guardian and required to give bond in the sum of \$7,000, with Stephen H. Coggeshall as surety. An appraiser on this estate, Abram A. Brown, Charles H. Ward and A. Herbert Waid were appointed.
Estate of Emily W. Peckham. The petition of Anne T. Peckham to appoint David B. Peabody Administrator, was continued to the third Monday of August.

IS TOWN COUNCIL.—Robert Stewart is appointed Special Constable for the remainder of the municipal year.
Dr. William T. Bull and Charles M. Bull were granted permission to apply for a section of the West Main road near their residences.
The Old Colony Street Railway Company were directed to repair the crossings on the Newport and Fall River Street Railway on the East Main road and to bring them up to grade; also to continue the macadamizing of its road bed from Wyatt road to Portsmouth line. In consideration of a certain section of the West Main road near to and opposite the residence of William Thurston being repaired Bradford Norman offered to donate \$100 worth of gravel in aid of the improvement. The donation was accepted and a vote of thanks given to Mr. Norman.

Aquidneck Grange was granted the use of the town hall and town house lot for holding a fair on August 29 and 30.

HAYMAKING PROCEEDS FARDLY.—The two last weeks of June afforded some bright days but since the first of July the bits of sunshine have been few and of brief duration. Fog, clouds and rain have had chief control for nearly four-fifths of the time. In consequence haymaking has proceeded very tardily. A good many meadows have yet to be cut and standing grass is very ripe. The yield of hay is larger than for some years, the frequent rain during the spring causing the grass to grow without any intermission. The process of curing has not only been slow and precarious, but in many instances the hay has been greatly injured by long continuance of dull and wet weather after being cut. It looks bleached and white and has no sweet savor. The blight has attacked the potato and a majority of fields give unmistakable evidence of its presence. The rot scheduled to follow and the outlook for a large crop is not promising. Late planted potatoes are only half grown. The blight impairs the quality of those it does not infect and operates against both quality and quantity. Corn has grown rapidly of late and carries a rich green color. There are few indications of many apples being matured for the autumn and the main supply will have to come from elsewhere. Of other kinds of fruit there is no great abundance.

Funeral services for the late David Coggeshall were held at his former residence on the West Main road at two o'clock Friday afternoon of last week. The house was completely filled with relatives and friends who came from all parts of the Island to pay this last tribute to one who was universally respected as being a kind friend to every one. It might well be said of him, "Well done, thou good and faithful servant, enter now into the joy of thy Lord." Mr. Coggeshall was of that rare type in these days, known as the "old-fashioned gentleman," with whom the thoughtful courtesy and a sympathetic interest was his habitual attitude towards all with whom he came in contact. The services were according to the rites of the Protestant Episcopal Church and were conducted by Rev. Allen Jacobs, rector of St. Mary's Church and Holy Cross Chapel. "Nearer my God to Thee" was read by Mr. Jacobs as an opening hymn, followed by the readings of the scripture and the hymn, "I heard the voice of Jesus say." Prayers and the benediction brought the services to a close. The casket was covered with beautiful flowers including an ivy wreath and there was also a pillow of lilies and tea roses. The interment was at the Middletown Cemetery at the Four Corners, where the committal services were read by Rev. Allen Jacobs. "Blessed are they which die in the Lord." "And their works do follow them."

The bearers were Messrs. Joshua, George and Frank Coggeshall, nephews of David Coggeshall, and Mr. Albert Chase.

Rev. Latta Griswold, who has been spending his vacation in Princeton, N. J., returned home Tuesday.

Mrs. Harry E. Peckham is entertaining her mother, Mrs. E. K. Fisher of New York.

Government Libels the Guernsey

Norfolk, July 20.—The United States government has libelled the Norwegian steamer Guernsey, which drifted into the battleship Rhode Island off Newport News on Tuesday night. The government's claim is \$3347.50. In the bill of complaint filed by the government it is stated that the port quarter of the steamer struck the battleship and overlapped her on the starboard bow and that seven stanchions were damaged, that three three-inch guns were damaged and two gun mounts also damaged.

Killed by Live Wire

Fall River, Mass., July 18.—Trying to assist three other persons who had become entangled in the coils of a live electric wire, Mrs. Lizzie Donlis, aged 32, stepped on the wire and was instantly killed last night. Three other persons were rendered unconscious, but recovered under medical treatment.

Fatal Elevator Accident

Boston, July 19.—John Lanning, aged 48, manager of the Puritan Engine company, was instantly killed by an elevator at his place of business on Atlantic avenue last evening. His head was caught between the side of the elevator and the floor.

Larry's Wedding

By Constance D'Arcy Mackay

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When Larry Donovan was promoted from footman to coachman and moved from a room over the stables to a trim cottage with a fine view of the Heustead's lawn he felt as if the summit of his ambition had been reached. It was a capacity for hard work Larry could well lay claim to, for he toiled early and late with a pertinacity which set him high in the estimation of his employer and enabled him to put in a snug sum by the time he had been in America three years.

There was only one thing wanting, to make Larry's happiness complete, and that was the presence of Ellen O'Meara, who was already on her way from the old country. A month ago Larry had sent the money for her transportation.

Ellen was the belle of Ballymorean, and his winning girl was to be revealed in the light of a great triumph. For awhile it had been nip and tuck as to whether she would marry him or Tim Kearny. But Ellen had chosen Larry, and in the letters she wrote him from time to time there was no mention of Tim Kearny.

"Shure, her heart's all mine," said Larry to himself, and as the day of Ellen's landing approached his joy became more and more apparent.

Indeed, the whole Heustead household took an interest in Ellen's home coming. The servants knew her age to a dot, that her eyes were as blue as the lakes of Killarney and her hair like burnished copper.

The morning of his wedding dawned clearly and Larry was in jubilant spirits as he took the Long Island train for New York. How Ellen would delight in their little cottage and exult in the surprise that her husband was not a groom, but a full fledged coachman.

Larry boarded the immigrant ferry-boat, and it was not till he had reached the immigration building on Ellis Island that he found that the Cedric, the steamer on which Ellen was coming, was a day late.

A whole twenty-four hours to spend without Ellen! Larry wandered disconsolately through the long bare halls of the building, stopping to look at the newly landed immigrants in their cage-like compartments and thinking of the time when he had been like them. In one of the bulls a girl was talking to a blue coated official and biting her lips to keep from crying. She was young and slender, with deep gray eyes.

"I'm sorry," the official was saying kindly, "but we haven't been able to get any word of the aunt who was to meet you, and you're too young a girl to work alone in the city. It's against the law. If your aunt doesn't come for you, you'll have to go back to Ireland to your own people."

"But they're all dead," said the girl. "Shure, there's no one belonging to me at all except this aunt in New York whom I've never seen. An' if she doesn't come for me—The girl broke off with a sudden sob, so childish, so pitiable, that Larry, in spite of his happiness, felt his heart ache for her.

"It's a shame, it is," he said to himself. "A poor young bit of a thing like that! Faith, if my Ellen was only here we might think of something to do for the girl." And on his way back to New York Larry determined to speak to Ellen about the matter. Women's wits were much better than men's in such cases.

Next morning he was early at the island and instead of waiting in the immigration building tramped up and down outside that he might catch the first glimpse of the boat that was bringing Ellen to him. Presently he descried it, and his blood raced at the sight.

He stood as near as he could to the gangplank and anxiously scanned the faces of the immigrants crowded on the deck, but Ellen's was not among them. Larry was filled with an anguish of apprehension. "Then his heart leaped. He had seen the glint of Ellen's red gold hair. For an instant she faced him, their eyes met, and then she turned and spoke to a man beside her. He laughed and pushed back his cap. As he did so Larry recognized him. It was Tim Kearny. They were coming down the gangplank now, and Ellen, to steady herself, put a bare red hand on the railing. On her fourth finger gleamed a plain gold wedding ring.

Larry was so stunned to speak. Dazed, he turned toward the immigration building. He knew not what to do or where to go. The mockery of it all swept over him—the fruitless years of planning and working, the little house that he had meant to be so happy in. Worse than all, the shame of returning alone smote him to the quick. But as he stumbled on there flashed through his mind the memory of the gray eyed girl he had seen the day before. She had been so helpless, yet so lovely in her grief. Somehow the recollection of her loneliness seemed to draw him toward her as if by an invisible bond.

"Shure, misery loves company," he said to himself. "And if the girl could only learn to care for me 'tis joy and not sorrow might be in store for us."

He quickened his steps, fumbling in his pocket for the letters with which Mr. Heustead had invested him in case he had trouble in proving his right to Ellen. They certified as to Larry's character and errand beyond a doubt and satisfied the middle aged official with a ran his eye across them.

"Well," he said. "The situation was a difficult one, and it took Larry some moments to explain. Finally the official threw back his head and laughed. "We've had a good many comarques on the island," he cried, "but this beats all! Still, as far as I can see, there's nothing against your marrying the girl if she consents. At present she's expecting to be deported, for we've found that her aunt died some days after the girl sailed."

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so Nora MacManus was called from the women's detention room and came with a look of wonder, a wonder which deepened as she saw Larry.

"They're telling me you're from the old sod," said he, "and that your name's Nora MacManus. Is it of the MacManus you are?"

"Yes," said Nora. Her voice was as soft as the run of a river. "I was at MacManus once myself," said Larry, and he went on to speak of the old people and the old times. "Faith, they're a great load with people in a strange land," he said.

"Then Larry took both of Nora's hands at the same time. "Nora, girl," he said, "listen to me. Will he be spending his kept her name as fixed on his honest blue ones. He did not know until he had told her the story of his life. "I've lost faith in one woman," he declared, "but not in all. And the little house back there is lonely and empty too. Will ye trust me when I tell ye that the longer I stand here speakin' with ye the more I love ye?"

"It gives me a feelin' of home to know they have the Blarney stone in America," said Nora, a gleam of humor appearing in her eye.

"I'm no worse than an aunt ye never had seen," pleaded Larry. "And I may be some better. And the people where we're going—sure, they'll never know but what you're the girl I came here to marry. There's such a thing as love at first sight, Nora, darlin', and that's what's the matter with me this minute. Ah, say ye'll marry me, though I know ye've never set eyes on me before!"

"Oh, but I have!" cried Nora. "Yesterday in the hall!" She stopped with a quick blush.

"Ah," cried the delighted Larry, "then ye did notice me, my angel! 'Twas hardly a wink I got last night, for your face kept 'hauntin' me. I thought of what I'd heard ye say and how lonely and hard it was for ye, a girl in a strange land."

"Did ye, now?" said Nora. "There's few would have thought of that!" A wonderful change passed over her face. Her eyes softened. "If ye think—if ye're still shure"—She faltered, groping for a word.

"Ah, Nora, is it 'Yes' ye mean?" cried the ecstatic Larry.

And Nora nodded. So Larry and Ellen were married, and the kindly official and the matron of the detention room were witnesses of the simple ceremony. And it chanced that as he and his bride stood on the deck of the immigrant ferry they came face to face with Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, also bound for New York.

"Nora, my dear," said Larry, "this is Mrs. Kearny. Mrs. Kearny, I'd like to make you acquainted with my wife, Mrs. Lawrence Donovan." He shot a sharp look at Tim. "Is it on your wedding thirp ye are?" he questioned and without waiting for an answer drew Nora toward the bow of the boat, so that in going down the gangplank they took precedence of Mr. and Mrs. Tim Kearny, who followed sullenly behind and were just in time to see Larry call a cab, hand Nora into it and, jumping in after her, close the door with a victorious slam.

"There are times," said Larry, "when it pays to be extravagant," and, leaning over, he squeezed Nora's hand.

London's Comic Paper.

London Punch was concocted in the back parlor of a public house behind Drury Lane theater. The first editor of Punch was the landlord of that tavern, and in that room assembled almost every night some of the most lively wits of the day—more noted, as Dion Boncault tells, for wit than money. The landlord made punch, and around the bowl those men would sit drinking, snacking and cracking jokes.

The landlord proposed that their jokes should not be wasted, that their wit should start a comic paper. A good idea, but what name to give it?

What name? The child should have its father's name. And the landlord pointed to the bowl of punch. And the paper was started. It struggled on for about a year and then was sold for £100 to Bradbury & Evans, the firm that printed it. The best writers in England hastened to their standard. It has the notoriety of being expelled from several kingdoms on the continent of Europe.—Sunday Magazine.

The Sun Not Burned Out.

It has been stated by such authorities as Kelvin, Newcomb and Ball that the future of the sun's activity will be comparatively short—not more than 10,000,000 years—and some have even suggested that the sun's activity already shows signs of waning. So far is this from being the case that only one-fourth of our supply of energy has been expended, and three-fourths are yet in store for the future life of the planetary system. This opens up to our contemplation a decidedly refreshing view of the future and will give renewed hope to all who believe that the end of mundane progress is not yet in sight. Not only should the future possibilities of scientific progress be vastly extended, but there will in all probability be the most ample time for the further development of the races of beings inhabiting this planet. According to this view, the evolution of our earth is still in its infancy, with the zenith of its splendor far in the future.—T. J. J. See in Atlantic.

At the Play.

"She must be fifty if she's a day. How can she manage to play the part of a young girl?"

"Well, you know, she was a young girl once."—Brooklyn Life.

When all is summed up, a man never speaks of himself without loss. His accusations of himself are always believed, his praises never.—Montaigne.

Mohammed.

Mohammed was abstemious. A handful of dates and a mouthful of water was all the food he required for a day of hard riding.

More Like It.

"Gambler is in financial straits, I hear."

"Don't believe it. I'll bet they're financial crookeders."—Tatler.

Jack Tar, Humorous.

There's never any telling what our bluejackets will do when "out for a lark." A number of them were in Londonderry a week or two ago, and a couple of them, walking along Foyle street, noticed a woman standing on the footpath with a baby in her arms. One of the "tars" in passing snatched the baby out of her arms and made off at full speed toward the Great Northern railway. For a moment the astonished mother stood in bewilderment. She then raised an alarm and ran screaming after the bluejacket. He was joined by others, who seemed to appreciate the joke immensely. The whole body rushed through street after street, the mother still pursuing. In Ferryway street the "tars" halted, dashed into a shop, bought a perambulator, placed the child in it and retraced their steps at a rattling pace until they met the infuriated mother. They then pulled up, quieted her fears and handed her over her child in the hands of some new perambulator, which she wheeled off in pride and triumph, the bluejackets meantime cheering.—London Answers.

What "Paste" Is.

"Paste" from which imitation precious stones are made is widely known, but few are acquainted with the ingredients, though it is generally understood that the paste gains its brilliancy from the lead it contains. Formulas vary for the paste, but all contain rock crystal, red lead, carbonate of potash, borax and white arsenic. It is required that these articles shall be of a high grade of purity, as there is a considerable waste, so that the gems made from "strass," as the composition is technically known, are by no means inexpensive. The lead gives to the strass its brilliancy, while the rock crystal contributes brilliancy. A paste diamond cannot scratch glass and is thus easily detected, but colored stones are made of crystal alone that are considerably harder than glass. In the making of these a crystal stone is hollowed out and filled with some colored liquid, the orifice being closed with a plug of crystal, which is ground down so that there is no trace of the junction.

Why the Eggs Didn't Hatch.

A famous Michigan egg raiser occasionally sells some of his product to his grocer, and some smart town people who thought they could get his eggs for hatching cheaper by buying from the grocer were disappointed when they found that none of the store eggs hatched out. Some one told the old man about the disappointment, and he expressed no surprise. He only said: "They should come to me for their setting eggs. Whoever hear of buying settin' eggs in a grocer shop? When I sell eggs for eatin' I just dip the ends in boiling water—kill the germ. Them was eatin' eggs the grocer had. If these people want settin' eggs they should come to me honest like."

Eating Snails.

Four Britons ate snails at a French restaurant in Brighton, England, not long ago. Their experiences are described as follows: "In due course the plates appeared, each bearing half a dozen small shells of a dingy white. A slender two pronged fork accompanied each dish. With this the snails were jerked out, their big black horns conspicuous first, accompanied by a small eruption of gravy. One of the experimenters looked critically at the uninviting object at the end of his fork, then he shut his eyes and popped it into his mouth. His teeth met on something yielding, but tough, rather suggestive of india rubber. All four epicures manfully ate their six snails."

Baking Bread.

The action of yeast on dough converts some of the starch into sugar. Then the sugar is made into carbonic acid gas and alcohol. When the dough is baked the alcohol is driven off. If the bread is underbaked some of the yeast may remain unkilld, and such bread by being kept may have more of its starch changed into sugar. Thorough baking kills all yeast, and keeping of such bread does not cause any ripening. Stale bread is more digestible than new bread solely because it is more easily masticated.

Children and Influences.

The reason why children so easily contract the mien, gestures and habits of their surroundings is that they have no power of resistance—everything outside them is stronger than themselves, and they have to borrow from all outward influences for their own growth; hence they are good, cheerful and contented or bad, morose and discouraged, just according to their surroundings.—Marenholtz-Bulow.

His Little Claim.

Mrs. A.—Don't you know, I really have an attachment for this piano. The Maid—Yes, and the gentleman who was here while you were out said he had an attachment for it also. Mrs. A.—Indeed! Who was he? The Maid—The sheriff, mum.—Chicago News.

Treasure Good Health.

How few of us stop to count good health as a great blessing! We are so busy grumbling over some financial wrong that we forget that all the money in the world would profit us but little if we were invalids.

Honest About It.

Kind Lady—Poor man! Are you really anxious to earn a good dinner? Truthful Thomas—I'm more anxious for de dinner dan I am t' earn it, ma'am.

All travel has its advantages. If the passenger visits better countries he may learn to improve his own, and if fortune carries him to worse he may learn to enjoy his own.—Johnson.

Question For a Question.

"John," said the distinguished lawyer severely, "have you been in swimming in spite of my express prohibition?"

"Father," said John earnestly, "Isn't it one of the first principles of law that no witness is bound to incriminate himself?"—Somerville Journal.

Women's Dep't.

Ex-Governor Atgield on Wrongs Done to Women.

Governor John P. Atgield in a book just published, "The Cost of Something for Nothing" states in the chapter "Wrong Done to Women":

"The conditions necessary to reach the highest development in this world, for either man or woman, are independent and absolute equality of rights. This is the essence of justice and the highest civilization is impossible where these conditions do not exist. Neither man nor woman can become really great while the other is kept subordinate. And the different people of the earth rank on the scale of progress according to the treatment their women receive."

"Their condition is the lowest among the savages and barbarians, where they are compelled to do all the drudgery and to wait on their lords and masters as slaves; and it is the highest to the United States of America, where they possess the greatest degree of independence and equality of rights ever accorded women."

"Men are gradually discovering that they cannot deprive women of equal rights without suffering themselves. They pay the penalty of occupying a lower grade of civilization. The man who treats a woman as an inferior, and refuses to accord her justice, cannot attain the highest estate in this life. He stands on too low a plane."

"There is no man living who holds a commission which authorizes him to sit in judgment on the rights of women."

"Woman has precisely the same title and right to independence and equality before the law that man has. Both hold title from the same source. She has just as much right to sit in judgment on man, and limit his sphere and his actions, as he has to limit hers. Therefore any attempt by man to deny woman independence or equality of rights is simply the assertion of brute force."

"Brute force degrades those who successfully use it. Every time it is resorted to there is a reaction toward the brute creation."

"The story of the wrongs done to woman since old as time, and the blight and curse of it was followed man through the centuries."

A Few Facts About Women.

Truly great men always recognize the rights of women. Wendell Phillips said years ago:—

"No man can defend his own right to vote without granting it to women. The only reason why the demand sounds strange is because man never analyzed his own right. The moment he begins to analyze it, he cannot defend it without admitting her. Our fathers proclaimed, sixty years ago, that government was co-equal with the right to take money and to punish for crime. Now let women go free from the penal statute, let her property be exempt from taxation, until you admit her to the ballot box. Goethe said that if you plant an oak in a flower pot, hemmed in by restrictions, that either the oak will be dwarfed or the flower pot will break. We have planted woman in a flower pot, hemmed her in by restrictions, and when we move to enlarge her sphere, society cries out: 'Oh, you'll break the flower pot! Well, I say, let it break. Man made it, and the sooner it goes to pieces the better. Let us see how broadly the branches will throw themselves, and how beautiful will be the shape, and how glorious against the moonlit sky or glowing sunset the foliage shall appear.'"

Women Endowed with Keener Perception Than Men.

By endowment, woman has a keener perception of the right than man, deeper conviction of duty, a higher sense of responsibility, a better educated conscience, and stronger loyalty to its demands. She holds to a higher standard of morals for both sexes, and responds more readily to its requirements than does her stronger brother. It is strange, therefore, aye, more than strange, that in this age of light and truth, men whom we know to be intelligent, men who seem to be good, men who profess to be Christians, can find a place to their judgment so unsound, a place in their hearts so un-Christian as to offer opposition to woman's claim to equal rights in all the fields of active life.

Women's Need of the Ballot.

Both for herself and for the effect which her disfranchisement has upon her actual income, and for the sake of the government as it comes into beneficial contact or into ruinous collision with those who are dearer to her than life itself, does the wage-earning woman need the ballot.—Florence Kelley.

For Over Sixty Years

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used by millions of mothers for their children while teething. It disturbed at night and broken of your rest by a sick child suffering and crying with pain of cutting teeth, and at once get a bottle of "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for Children Teething. It will relieve the poor little sufferer immediately. Depend upon it, mothers, there is no mistake about it. It cures Diarrhoea, regulates the stomach and bowels, cures Wind, colic, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, and gives tone and energy to the whole system. "Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup" for children teething is pleasant to the taste and is the prescription of one of the oldest and most experienced and trusted medical authorities. Price twenty-five cents a bottle. Sold by all druggists throughout the world. Beware and ask for "Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP."

Avoid over-eating. Of the two evils it is better to eat too little than too much.

Those persons who do not need iron, but who are troubled with Nervousness and Dyspepsia, will find in Carter's Little Liver Pills a most valuable article. They are most useful in combination with Carter's Little Liver Pills, and in this way often exert a most marked effect. Take just one pill of each kind immediately after eating and you will be free from indigestion and dyspepsia. Invigorate your system. Try them.

Three pints of water daily should be drunk by the average man.

If sick headache is misery, what are Carter's Little Liver Pills but they will positively cure it? People who have had them speak frankly of their worth. They are small and easy to take.

A gurgling of salt and water is a remedy for an ordinary sore throat.

Pain from indigestion, dyspepsia, and too hearty eating, is relieved at once by taking one of Carter's Little Liver Pills immediately after dinner. Don't forget this.

A piece of raw onion rubbed on a troublesome chilblain is very soothing.

There is no more article in the line of medicine that gives so large a return for the money as a good porous strengthening plaster, such as Carter's Sure-Weed and Balm of Life Backache Plasters.

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beck's Signature

CASTORIA.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Beck's Signature

Making Sure.

"And you have not seen him for many—for many little time? I had hoped that—that—that is to say, I—well—"

She waited for him to clear away any ambiguities. There was a singularly attractive droop to her eyelids, and a slight suggestion of determination in the pressure of her lips.

"You had hoped?" she said tentatively. "I checked my words," he replied quickly. "Please recollect that I checked my words! And it must be obvious to you that I did so because they would have been inexcusable in the circumstances."

"How tantalizing you are, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "After half an hour's talking and pausing—chiefly pausing—you arrive at the point of saying something complimentary, and then, by way of a change from pausing, I suppose, you check yourself. Could you reach my book, do you think?"

He shot a quick side glance at her, and his eyes gleamed angrily as he leaned forward and picked up the volume.

"May I, then, tell you that I hoped the rumor was not true?"

"Did you?" she inquired, a gentle smile rippling her pretty cheeks. "But it is," she added softly with a modest sigh.

"Perhaps the prospect is not altogether inviting to you?" he hazarded, with hesitation.

"Oh," she murmured, brushing something imaginary from her skirt with a nervous gesture, "well, you see, it is necessarily something like a risky speculation after so long a separation, isn't it? I mean that time works great changes in men, and the friends of our youth are apt to degenerate into bores and cranks in maturer years; and since it is possible that my fiance could have changed altogether from what he was when he taught me how to care for him—and it is quite possible, of course it is!—well, the marriage lottery becomes a lottery indeed. I may draw a first prize, and I may draw something distinctly more discouraging than a blank."

"Then why put yourself into such a lottery?" he asked, after a stifled gasp for breath.

"Oh," she responded, in a far-away tone, "a promise is a promise, isn't it? And he is a fully fond of me, or of his recollection of me as he knew me."

"And," he said, after biting his mustache viciously, "you are prepared to fulfil your promise even at the risk of spoiling your whole life, and rendering him utterly wretched with the knowledge that you have done so?"

"Yes," she responded, with a little sigh of resignation. "I suppose I shall run the risk, hoping for the best, as everybody does hope. You see, when a woman has waited so long as I have she—well, she becomes shyer, soiled, so to speak; the glow goes off her, and she gets faded, in parts. I am not as young as I was five or even three years ago, and there is not much demand for unreasonable goods."

The man opened his mouth to draw a great breath. There was a long pause. Eventually she broke the silence, brazen-facedly enough.

"What are you thinking about?" she inquired.

"That—that a girl who may charm one man, and would not appeal to him when she's a woman, might seem intolerable to another man as a girl and adorable as a woman."

"I know what you mean," she returned, though you are not quite so lucid as complimentary. The worst of it is, Mr. Hutchinson, it's the girl who becomes a woman, not the woman who becomes a girl; so that the man who might adore her arrives too late."

"Yes," he responded, in a sepulchral undertone—"yes." He was not fully conscious of his wasted opportunities, for his mind was somewhat preoccupied. And then they turned to commonplace topics.

Later in the day, in the seclusion of his own cabin, he dictated a letter to his sister in England:

"Dearest Sister: You will be surprised to see that I am aboard this mail ship. The fact is since Madeline consented to come out to marry me I have had grave doubts of the wisdom of the idea, even though it was originally my own. It is so long since we last saw each other that I felt sure changes must have occurred in me which might possibly not accord; might, indeed, quite possibly prove absolutely antagonistic to changes which time and distance must have wrought in her."

"Decided, therefore, as my appearance has been completely changed since I sat for the last photo I sent home—I have grown a beard and mustache—to join this boat at Port Said, and get to know Madeline's disposition and tastes, and, if possible, the view she took of her approaching marriage with me, without her knowledge of my identity. It was not quite scrupulous, I know; but surely the end justifies the means, for any steps which might be taken to obviate a possibly unhappy marriage were as fair to her as to myself, and so justifiable."

"And the result?"

"I thank Heaven that I have done what I have done. If I have suffered a sense of meanness I have suffered a thousand more intensely by the revelation made to me."

"I had not been aboard more than an hour when I saw her, and the sight of her dear— But I am baring sentiment in this letter. I recognized her, of course, and it seemed to me she was of more attractive appearance than ever. But the change within her! Well, she is just the same bright, witty girl, with all the dear old ways, the same delightful smile."

"She is young as ever, but she is immeasurably changed, for all that. She has flirted with me most fiercely for days past, and I honestly believe, vanity apart, that she cares for me a little. I offer her that excuse for the way she has thrown herself at me. Yet at the same time it ruins her in my eyes. Constancy—surely that is woman's greatest virtue! And this Madeline is as inconstant as the wind."

"I tested her on the question of our marriage today, and the result was extremely painful. It is quite clear to me that she is coming out to marry John Marvin—I am registered as James Hutchinson—only in fulfillment of her promise to do so, and because she feels that a bird in the hand is worth two in the bush. Indeed, she practically told me so. And I feel convinced that she would as lief marry James Hutchinson as me."

"That very evening he arrived at the crisis, with Miss Madeline's cordial cooperation."

"They were alone together in a corner of the upper deck, which was snatched from the bright moonlight. She had inveigled him there, of which fact he was perfectly conscious. She was unusually grave and taciturn. At length she betrayed the secret of her mood."

"I have been thinking over what you said this morning," she volunteered.

ed, with a long, soft sigh. "I'm afraid you considered it rather reprehensible of me to make this voyage to marry a man I no longer love?"

"It is scarcely fair to him or to yourself," he answered in a hard voice, after a pause. "Nor is it fair to any other man who may love you, and might make you happy; who would endeavor to his utmost to do so."

"But what can I do?" she murmured, rising slowly and advancing to the rails. "You have shown me it is wrong," she added, when he rejoined her. "Can you tell me what would be right?"

She stretched out an arm languidly, and laid her hand on the rail under his very nose.

After a moment's hesitation he decided he had no alternative to covering it with one of his own, and he leaped toward her.

"Mad—Miss Havers," he whispered, in a hollow voice, "will—will you marry me if I can convince you that my rank and position are satisfactory?"

She drew close to him, and involuntarily he took her in his arms.

"You love me?" she asked timidly, tilting her face up to his.

Historical and Genealogical.

Notes and Queries.

In sending matter to this department the following rules must be absolutely observed:

1. Names and dates must be clearly written.
2. The full name and address of the writer must be given.
3. Make all queries as brief as is consistent with clearness.
4. Write on one side of the paper only.
5. In answering queries always give the date of the paper, the number of the query and the signature.
6. Letters addressed to contributors, or to be forwarded, must be sent in blank stamped envelopes, accompanied by the number of the query and the signature.

Direct all communications to:
Miss E. M. TILLEY,
care Newport Historical Rooms,
Newport, R. I.

SATURDAY, JULY 21, 1906.

NOTES.

MATTHEW WEST

HIS

DESCENDANTS AND RELATIVES

WITH

NEW JERSEY PATENTS.

By Mrs. H. Ruth Cooke.

Amey (4) Borden, b. Dec. 6, 1714; md. 2; 14; 1738 Samuel Scott, b. 11; 8 mo.; 1715 son of John Scott, b. a Gravesend; 9; 11 mo; 1679, son of Benjamin Scott and wife Abigail, widow of Ralfe Warner, who d. in 1678.

Abigail, when she married William Scott had two Warner children named Mary and Ralfe; by William Scott according to Friends records of Shrewsbury, Abigail had John Scott, William Scott who died soon; Samuel Scott, b. at Shrewsbury N. J. 31; 3; 1685; Peter Scott, L. 27; 7; 1687 and d. the next month; Hester Scott, b. 6; 10 mo; 1689; md. George Crawford, as learned from his will made Feb. 18, 1745, and from William Nelson's "New Jersey Coast in Three Centuries," on p. 165, 168, thus:

John Crawford, Gent of Ayrshire, Scotland, purchased a house lot of Richard Gibbons of Long Island, in Middletown, N. J. in 1678 (Gibbons one of the 12 men to whom was granted the Monmouth Patent Apl. 7 1665). His son John Crawford, mariner, also held a lot, and he had two sisters who married John Hamilton and John Campbell (son of Lord Neil Campbell, he claimed 1830 acres in right of his father, says, Baiter).

In 1685, John Crawford of Middletown, N. J. recorded a bill of sale to Jeremiah Bennett, "for all lands within the Kingdom of England, as the Manor of East Greenwich."

Richard Scott, of Shrewsbury of Shropshire, England, born in 1554, and died in 1628, had a grandson, Benjamin Scott, bapt. Sept. 20, 1631, and married Susannah Brewster, and went to Barbadoes; they had three sons, of them Benjamin Scott who first married Elizabeth Hall, and second, Mary Hall, daughters of John Hall of Berks Co., England, in 1677, was sent from Barbadoes to West Jersey, by the Proprietors to quiet troubles of Gov. Andros in New York. In that year Benjamin Scott received one third share of West Jersey. His brothers were Richard and William Scott. Their sister, Elizabeth Scott married Mr. Warner of Island of Antigua, and afterwards returned to Kent Co., England.

In 1683, William Scott, a Quaker, was paying taxes on his house and lot in Gravesend, and a few years before, William Scott married Abigail, widow of Ralfe Warner, Abigail was the daughter of Peter Tilton of Gravesend, for whom she named her next to the last Scott child, Peter Scott.

Ralfe Warner was of West Indies; by Abigail he had Mary Warner and Ralfe Warner, who died in Shrewsbury, N. J. Sept. 2, 1695 intestate and letters of administration granted to William Scott.

Hester or Esler Scott daughter of William and Abigail (Tilton-Warner) Scott married George Crawford son of John Crawford of Middletown, N. J., their oldest son was Richard Crawford, a family name of Scotts. They lived near Morrisville, N. J.

Mary (4) Borden, b. July 24 1717; md. 3; 22; 1738, William Bille, son of Thomas and Content (Woolley) Bille; Content md. (2) Isaac Hauca.

Thomas Bille made his will, Feb. 22, 1728-9; proved March 24, 1729-9, of Shrewsbury, N. J.; mentions wife Content and children William, Silvanus, Thomas, Joanna, Lydia, Elizabeth, all under age, and mentions property in Fairfield Township, New England. Witnesses, George Lippincott, John Haskins, George Thornbourn, (Lib. B. p. 158.)

This land in Fairfield was in Connecticut, discovered in 1637, says Hayward's Gazetteer, by Capt. Mason and his troops, when they pursued the Indians to a swamp in that town.

Jehu (1) Burr, came with Withnors's fleet, in 1690, he born in England about 1600, he went first to Roxbury, Mass where he was tax collector in 1637, hearing from the Indians of the rich valley lands in Connecticut, he, with six others, with their families and effects set out on a journey through the wilderness, reached the banks of Connecticut river, built a village they called Agawam, now Springfield, and stayed eight years; then moved to Fairfield, Conn. Jehu's son Jehu b. in Eng. in 1620, died in Fairfield, Conn. in 1692, in which year his father died, leaving wife and ten children, viz. John, Daniel, Peter, Samuel, Ester, Elizabeth, Sarah, Joshua, Abigail, Nathaniel. Of these Peter was Judge, and John was a Colonel.

Four generations of the name of Burr found in Fairfield, Conn., and they married into the Lippincott family, as will be given, one named Aquilla Burr, who may have been named for Aquilla Barber, who will be mentioned. Lippincotts also married Barbers.

One account mentions that about twenty-five persons came from Fairfield, Conn., in 1698, to New Jersey in Salem Co., which settlement was named Fairfield by New Jersey Assembly, May 12, 1697, adding Township to it. John Ogden son of Richard, being of the twenty-five, and it was Hannah Ogden who married Robert Barber.

Thomas (4) Borden, b. Apt. 27, 1714; m. 5, 29; 1742, Mary Edwards, No. 141 of this record; Mary b. Nov. 3, 1722; dau. Philip and Catherine (Wetley) James (4) Borden, b. Aug. 4, 1722.

Francis (2) Borden, grandfather of this family, whose wife was Jane Vickers, made his will, May 24, 1708, of Shrewsbury, mentions wife Jane and children, Richard, Francis, Thomas and daughter Joyce, wife of John Hance Jr.; mentions kinman Isaac Vickers (son of Thomas Vickers of Shrewsbury, blacksmith, who made his will Jan. 21, 1685; mentions his sons, John, Thomas, Abraham, Isaac, and makes "brother Francis Borden" an executor).

Francis Borden also mentions land bought Apt. 7, 1700 of brother John Borden and property in Parish of Goudhurst, Kent Co., England, inherited from Francis Fowle (Fowler) of Cranford, same country, by his will of Oct. 9, 1682.

(To be continued.)

QUERIES.

6080. KENYON—Ancestry wanted of James Kenyon, died Sept. 23, 1774, md. Mary Place, dau. of Thomas, md. 2d. Sarah Garder, dau. of Benjamin and Abigail Garder. Would like ancestry also of Benjamin Garder.—S. G. T.

6081. HAWKINS—Ancestry, birth, marriage and death dates wanted of John Hawkins, who lived in Dutchess Co., New York; had children Abigail; b. 2, 9 mo; 1738; John, b. 1, 5 mo; 1740; Sarah, b. 1, 9 mo; 1744; Lydia, b. 9, 8 mo; 1747; md. May 20, 1738, Benjamin Kenyon (Benjamin, James) and other children.—S. G. T.

6082. KENYON—Benjamin Kenyon, of James, b. Mar. 24, 1720, d. July 31, 1814, md. Sept. 23, 1742 (O. S.) Lydia, d. May 6, 1756. Would like Lydia's last name and parentage.—S. G. T.

6083. PEARCE. POTTER—The records of North Kingstown, R. I., were partially destroyed by fire in 1868, and the published statistics are consequently badly mutilated in places. The following Bible record fills out blanks which occur, and so may prove of interest to descendants of those named. Also, in view of the earthquake in San Francisco, the journal extracts which mention a catastrophe in Providence are interesting. One of the daughters of Elder Nathan Pearce married William Potter, and the writer is very anxious to know which one it was. If correspondents know of the marriage of any of the daughters, it will prove a help by eliminating those names. A possible marriage of the eldest daughter I found in R. I. records, but can not be sure as parents' names not given. "Sarah Pearce and Thomas Kilton, Jr., Aug. 6, 1748." William Potter and his wife, Pearce, had a daughter Mary Potter, born Apr. 18, 1770, in Pawling, married John Birdsall, 1786. Also a daughter, Sarah Potter, born Apr. 7, 1774, married Giles Sisson, 1796.

The following is the Bible record mentioned above:

Elder Nathan Pearce, Esq., born Apr. 22d, 1705, Rhode Island, died Feb. 15, 1790, Pawling, N. Y., married to Abigail Spink, Oct. 8th, 1724, Abigail Pearce died Jan. 7, 1791, 87 yrs. of age.

Children born:

Sarah Pearce, Aug. 19th, 1725, Abigail, Feb. 10th, 1727-8, Benoni, Nov. 23d, 1730, Ephraim, March 16th, 1733-4, Susannah, April 25th, 1736, Margaret, Oct. 7th, 1738, Nathan, Jan. 17th, 1740-1, Phoebe, May 25th, 1743, William, Sept. 13th, 1745.

"The Pearce Family" of R. I., by T. L. Casey and Austin's Genealogical Dictionary of R. I., give accounts of the first three generations of this Nathan Pearce's ancestry, and that of his wife, Abigail Spink. Elder Nathan Pearce (Daniel, John) married in North Kingstown, Oct. 8, 1725, Abigail Spink (Nicholas, Robert). All of their children were born in Rhode Island; North Kingstown, Providence Island and Providence. In 1756 he and his wife moved to Pawling, Dutchess Co., N. Y., where he became a prominent figure in local affairs, and where he and his sons Nathan and William were active in Revolutionary times.

Extracts from journal of Elder Nathan Pearce:

"Providence, Nov. 18th, 1755, about 4 o'clock in the morning there was a terrible earthquake it came with a great sound the shock lasted about 2 minutes. It shook the houses so that the bricks fell out of many chimneys it was very shocking to many people. About an hour after there was another small shock.

Nov. 22, 1755, between 8 and 9 in the evening there came another earthquake the shock was considerable hard lasted about a minute. Surely these are some of the signs the Lord Jesus foretold and we may conclude the end of all things is at hand. O that we may be prepared for the time.

Dec. 21st, 1758 there appeared the sun about an hour and a half high in the afternoon, two rainbows in this form like the two ends of the lowermost looking like bright sundogs.

Jan. 3d, 1758 sun about half an hour high at night there came a vapor of smoke down upon the ground very thick and warm flashes like the steam of warm water. Some people smelt a sulphur smell and heard a noise. Such an appearance and the warm breathes or flashes I never saw before."

6084. WALTER—Reynolds, of R. I. & Dutchess Co., N. Y. Ancestry wanted of Ruth Reynolds, b. Dec. 28-1717, died at Clove, N. Y. 1808, md. probably Portsmouth, R. I. to John Hall, born May 29-1717, died at Clove, N. Y. 1782, and had nine children: Benjamin, b. Dec. 16-1740; in R. I.; Gideon, b. Nov. 9-1742, in R. I.; Sarah, b. Aug. 12-1744; Mary, b. Feb. 4-1746; Abigail, b. Aug. 14-1747; William, b. Jan. 8-1749; Wait, b. Feb. 2-1751; Wait, b. Oct. 14-1753; Ruth, b. Sept. 29-1755; John Hall (4), of Portsmouth, R. I. b. Dec. 8-1717, was son of William (3) William (2) William (1), the emigrant ancestor of Portsmouth, R. I. This Hall genealogy and marriage to Ruth Reynolds is recorded in Savage's Gen. Dict. Vol. 2, Page 230. Austin's Genealogy of R. I. Page 91 & 208 and D. B. Hall's History of Hall family of R. I. Pages 135 & 151.

Any information on this Reynolds's line or suggestions and references for search will be appreciated, and correspondence promptly answered.

James of Weston, Super Mare, near Bristol, England; Afterward a hatter in Providence, R. I., md. Mary Hahn, in Providence or Pawtucket. Children, Samuel; and James Hackett, born April, 22-1790, died May 15-1868, md. Mary daughter of James Cheatham. Ancestry wanted.—K. L. M.

The writer has a curious poem by Elder Nathan Pearce called "A Watch for a wise man's observation."—L. D. W.

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

NEW SHOREHAM, R. I., July 7, 1906. THE UNDERSIGNED hereby gives notice that he has been appointed by the Probate Court of the Town of New Shoreham, Administrator of the estate of WEDDIE H. CHAMPLIN, late of said New Shoreham, deceased, and has given bond according to law. All persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to file the same in the office of the clerk of said court within six months from the date of the first advertisement hereof.

7-13-06

EDWARD P. CHAMPLIN, Administrator.

No Peek-a-Dee.

If you screen your porch with Vudor shades you can see out, but others can't see in. They screen you effectively from everything but the breeze, and make the piazza as secluded as your parlor. The slats are wide, finely fastened together with strong seine twine and are stained that cool, restful shade of green—the very thing for summer nooks; besides they'll stand all kinds of weather and not lose their beauty. They're light and run up and down as easily as a window shade. Only a few of them left. Look swell and wear well.

A. C. TITUS CO.

225-229 THAMES STREET, NEWPORT, R. I.

To Furnished Cottage Owners

I am making up my list of furnished cottages for the season of 1906 and would like it to include yours, if you have one you wish to rent for the coming season. Drop me a line giving particulars, or if you will notify me will call and see you.

WM. E. BRIGHTMAN,

COR. SPRING AND FRANKLIN STREETS.

NOTICE.

A Residence Telephone Service Offer.

COMMENCING JUNE 1, 1906.

WE WILL GIVE THREE MONTHS' FREE SERVICE

with every New Contract for any Class of local Residence Connection.

For particulars address

PROVIDENCE TELEPHONE COMPANY.

CONTRACT DEPARTMENT.

6-2-07

112 UNION STREET,

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

Sheriff's Sale.

STATE OF RHODE ISLAND AND PROVIDENCE PLANTATIONS.

NEWPORT, SC. SHERIFF'S OFFICE.

Newport, May 3d, A. D. 1906.

BY VIRTUE and in pursuance of an Execution, Number 342, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of April, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court July 2d, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by the Court on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1906, in favor of Albert Hammett and Harry G. Hammett, being co-partners, doing business in said City of Newport, under the firm name of A. & H. G. Hammett, plaintiffs, and against Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, both of the City of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, or either of them had on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1906, in and to the land, situate, lying and being, viz: Northernly, north 4 o'clock p. m., in the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded, as follows, viz: Northernly, partly by lands of D. & A. Kane and partly by lands of Bridget Gerrity; Easternly, by lands of Margaret K. Dawson; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as West street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the second of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the third of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.

AND, in pursuance of an Execution, Number 343, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of April, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court July 2d, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by the Court on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1906, in favor of Albert Hammett and Harry G. Hammett, being co-partners, doing business in said City of Newport, under the firm name of A. & H. G. Hammett, plaintiffs, and against Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, both of the City of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, or either of them had on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1906, in and to the land, situate, lying and being, viz: Northernly, north 4 o'clock p. m., in the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded, as follows, viz: Northernly, partly by lands of D. & A. Kane and partly by lands of Bridget Gerrity; Easternly, by lands of Margaret K. Dawson; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as West street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the second of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the third of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.

AND, in pursuance of an Execution, Number 344, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of April, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court July 2d, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by the Court on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1906, in favor of Albert Hammett and Harry G. Hammett, being co-partners, doing business in said City of Newport, under the firm name of A. & H. G. Hammett, plaintiffs, and against Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, both of the City of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, or either of them had on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1906, in and to the land, situate, lying and being, viz: Northernly, north 4 o'clock p. m., in the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded, as follows, viz: Northernly, partly by lands of D. & A. Kane and partly by lands of Bridget Gerrity; Easternly, by lands of Margaret K. Dawson; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as West street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the second of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the third of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.

AND, in pursuance of an Execution, Number 345, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of April, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court July 2d, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by the Court on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1906, in favor of Albert Hammett and Harry G. Hammett, being co-partners, doing business in said City of Newport, under the firm name of A. & H. G. Hammett, plaintiffs, and against Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, both of the City of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, or either of them had on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1906, in and to the land, situate, lying and being, viz: Northernly, north 4 o'clock p. m., in the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded, as follows, viz: Northernly, partly by lands of D. & A. Kane and partly by lands of Bridget Gerrity; Easternly, by lands of Margaret K. Dawson; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as West street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the second of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the third of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.

AND, in pursuance of an Execution, Number 346, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of April, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court July 2d, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by the Court on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1906, in favor of Albert Hammett and Harry G. Hammett, being co-partners, doing business in said City of Newport, under the firm name of A. & H. G. Hammett, plaintiffs, and against Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, both of the City of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, or either of them had on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1906, in and to the land, situate, lying and being, viz: Northernly, north 4 o'clock p. m., in the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded, as follows, viz: Northernly, partly by lands of D. & A. Kane and partly by lands of Bridget Gerrity; Easternly, by lands of Margaret K. Dawson; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as West street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the second of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the third of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.

AND, in pursuance of an Execution, Number 347, issued out of the District Court of the First Judicial District of Rhode Island, within and for the County of Newport, on the second day of April, A. D. 1906, and returnable to the said Court July 2d, A. D. 1906, upon a judgment rendered by the Court on the 23d day of March, A. D. 1906, in favor of Albert Hammett and Harry G. Hammett, being co-partners, doing business in said City of Newport, under the firm name of A. & H. G. Hammett, plaintiffs, and against Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, both of the City of Newport, defendants, I have this day at 10 o'clock p. m., levied the said Execution on all the right, title and interest, which the said defendants, Philip Dowling and Ellen C. Dowling, or either of them had on the 3d day of February, A. D. 1906, in and to the land, situate, lying and being, viz: Northernly, north 4 o'clock p. m., in the time of the attachment on the original writ, in and to a certain lot, or parcel of land with all the buildings and improvements thereon, situate in said City of Newport, in the State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations, and bounded, as follows, viz: Northernly, partly by lands of D. & A. Kane and partly by lands of Bridget Gerrity; Easternly, by lands of Margaret K. Dawson; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as West street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the second of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the third of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.; the fourth of said parcels of land, with the buildings and improvements thereon, is bounded and described as follows, viz: Northernly, by lands of M. Nolan; Easternly, by lands of Samuel P. Hone; Southernly, by lands of Robert S. Hone; and Westernly, by a street or way known as East street, or however otherwise the same may be bounded or described, it being the same premises heretofore conveyed to Ellen Dowling by two deeds, the first of which was from James P. Dowling, bearing date the 15th day of February, A. D. 1878, and recorded in Land Evidence of Newport, Vol. 56, at page 46, etc.